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# THE INDEPENDENT

Tuesday 14 April 1998 45p (IR 50p) No 3,584

Newspaper of the Year for photographs

## Blunkett gets tough with the militants

By Judith Judd  
Education Editor

DAVID Blunkett, the Secretary of State for Education, yesterday confronted heckling teachers and told them bluntly to stop shouting and join the Government's standards campaign.

In a tough speech to the National Union of Teachers, the highest teachers' union, he dismissed left-wing delegates as a "minority of a minority". He appealed to all teachers to stop seeing themselves as victims and to be partners in improving children's life.

Ignoring the shouted protests of delegates at the conference in Blackpool, Mr Blunkett set out a long list of the Government's achievements in education over the last 11 months, including a promise to spend more than £200 to improve teaching and raise standards.

Raising his voice, Mr Blunkett said defiantly: "Shouting won't make a difference. All you do is put off decent people who want to go into the teaching profession. The comfort is you are a very tiny minority."

There were cries of "Not cool!" as Mr Blunkett denied the Government's achievements and said extra money promised for education, including £1.3bn to repair school buildings. Some delegates sneered when he played a video explaining how the Government intended to reduce teachers' workload by providing off-the-peg lesson plans and examples of good practice on the national grid for learning.

Members of both of the biggest teachers' unions - the NUT and the National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers - have voted for action, not including strikes, over the growing burden of paperwork in schools.

Mr Blunkett, who announced a series of proposals to reduce school red tape, warned teachers against taking industrial action over workloads. "Industrial action is not acceptable because it is bound to affect our standards agenda," he insisted that teachers must hold their heads up and urged them to believe in themselves.

### Outrage over secret deal

A TEACHERS' union leader yesterday launched an attack on the leader of a rival union who is secretly trying to organise an education action zone in a consortium with Asian bankers.

Peter Smith, general secretary of the Association of Teachers and Lecturers (ATL), is trying to construct a consortium with the Commission for Racial Equality, Commercial Union, the Nuffield Foundation and again board Edecel.

Nigel de Gruchy, general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters' Union of Women Teachers, said: "If I had done what Peter Smith had done I would quite rightly be summarily dismissed. For ATL to be conspiring at a scheme which could lead to the undermining of national pay and conditions is outrageous and deplorable."

At a briefing later, he admitted: "There is still some way to go to translate good intentions into good practice. That is partly because of this victim syndrome. People do think they are very difficult to relate to them even when you are making positive moves."

He made it clear that the Government's daily literacy hour and education action zones to raise standards in deprived areas were non-negotiable, despite the conference's opposition to them.

Mr Blunkett told the conference that they would not put up for a second with standards for their children which some people seem prepared to put up with for other people's children. He said: "You can be part of a real learning age, when inequality and injustice can be set aside because at last we have given children real life chances."

The Government had not been able to wave a magic wand, as many people would have liked but it had found an extra £835m to save the education service, he said.

Despite some heckling, Mr Blunkett's reception was much better than that he received three years ago when he was jostled by left-wing delegates. Moderate teachers applauded him warmly.

Doug McAvoy, the union's general secretary, said that the Government's credit balance was fairly impressive but he won a standing ovation from left-wing delegates when he said it was unfair to name and shame failing schools.

Mr McAvoy said that the union's action over workload would go ahead before the end of the month, but he hoped it would be limited while he continued to press the Government for more concessions.

Will Reese of Coventry, a member of the Socialist Teachers' Alliance, questioned Mr Blunkett's assertion that the Government was not a threat to teachers. "There remains a persistent threat of criticism about teachers. It almost seems as if they are being singled out."

Leading article, page 16

## Apprentice Boys try out a new tune



In the first loyalist rally since Friday's peace deal, the Apprentice Boys march past Ormeau Road bridge in Belfast, where police yesterday prevented their entering Catholic areas. Report, page 2, Letters, page 16 Photograph: AP

## Cash cuts mean 007 gets his P45

By Anthony Bevins  
Political Editor

SPARE a thought for poor old 007 and his colleagues. The number of spooks and other personnel employed by Her Majesty's Security and Intelligence Services has dropped by a quarter since 1992.

The latest figures, provided by the Cabinet Office, show a fall in the number of people employed by the Security Service, Secret Intelligence Service, and the Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ), from 11,110 in 1992-93 to 8,448 this year.

The reduction follows the

break-up of the Soviet empire, along with a decline in concern about the threat posed by subversion, accompanied by two cessations of IRA activity.

However, in a clear effort to justify its continuing existence, the Security Service, MI5, successfully lobbied ministers for agreement that it should be allowed to divert under-used resources to helping the police and Customs with the expanding threat from serious crime.

That role was embodied in statute by the Conservative government, with Labour approval, and it appears to have staunchly the cuts in staff numbers.

The decline in the role of the

services has been matched by two phenomena - a marked reduction in the number of security scandals, and the greater openness of the services themselves.

The 1960s, 70s and 80s are littered with reports on security lapses and scandals, including the cases of Vassalli, Profumo, Lampton, Blunt, Prime and Bettaney - not to mention the allegations made by the former MI5 officer, Peter Wright, that Security Service personnel had conspired against Harold Wilson when he was prime minister.

Staff cuts have also been matched by a cutback in overtime, down 38 per cent since

1992; perhaps the most significant indication of reduced activity.

The most curious element of the current year's treasury supply estimate for the Security and Intelligence Services, is an estimated capital budget of £144,535,000.

Given that both MI5 and MI6 have in recent years obtained prime-site headquarters buildings overlooking the Thames, at Lambeth and Vauxhall bridges, it is not clear what "works and equipment" could be costing so much, unless GCHQ's eavesdropping requires new satellites.

No longer required, page 4

## Britain gets rate rise warning from IMF

By John Willcock

THE Bank of England could be forced to raise interest rates again to curb inflation unless Britain's consumer boom slows, the International Monetary Fund warned yesterday.

The IMF's latest twice-yearly *World Economic Outlook* predicted that inflation in Britain would hit 2.9 per cent during the current year, compared to 2.8 per cent last year, before falling back to 2.6 per cent in 1999.

At the same time, however, economic growth is forecast to slide to 2.3 per cent this year from 3.3 per cent last year, slowing to 2.1 per cent in 1999.

This makes the IMF slightly more optimistic on growth than the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD), which released its own report last week forecasting growth below 2 per cent, and was more pessimistic on inflation. The OECD said there was no need for a rate rise, but added that the Bank of England faced a very difficult decision on rates.

The IMF said yesterday that interest rates would have to rise if domestic demand did not moderate sufficiently to ensure inflation was kept under control. But if signs emerge of a sharp slowing of growth rates then monetary conditions would have to be relaxed, the Fund added.

"Striking the right balance for monetary policy in these circumstances is a difficult challenge," the report said.

Any pressure to raise interest rates, even over the short term, is likely to alarm exporters who say the current strength of the pound is already making it hard for them to compete in overseas markets.

Last week there was some relief after the Bank of England's monetary policy committee decided to leave interest rates at 7.25 per cent. But the committee gave no indication of the future direction of the rates.

Michael Mussa, the IMF director of research, said that sterling should eventually start falling back against other European currencies - although it was not clear when.

The report, published ahead of Wednesday's meeting of finance ministers of the G7 group of leading industrial nations in Washington, also said that Asia's financial turmoil will slow down global economic growth this year but the threat to future advances is limited.

IMF world view, page 20

### Today's news

#### Coal boss dies

Sir Ian MacGregor, chairman of the National Coal Board during the miners' strike, has died. Page 3

#### Courting trouble

Health managers could be taken to court if hospitals fail to provide adequate care for patients. Page 4

#### Broken promise

The Government has broken a vow to give special protection against quarrying to the Forest of Dean. Page 7

## Ben Elton attacks Blair's obsession with cool

By Kate Watson-Smyth

BEN ELTON became the latest star to attack Tony Blair's apparent obsession with image when he launched a broadside yesterday against the Prime Minister's crusade for a Cool Britannia.

The comedian, who was recently pictured smiling with Labour's glitterati at 10 Downing Street, yesterday urged Mr Blair to give it a rest.

His outburst, in the forthcoming issue of the *Radio Times*, follows comments by several personalities, including Alan McGee, head of Creation Records, and Damon Albarn, of the Britpop band Blur, that the Government has failed to keep its promises.

Elton, until now regarded as one of the Government's staunchest supporters, said: "The most gruesome aspect of the Cool Britannia thing is the way the politicians are trying to latch on to it."

"It's sad, it really is. Leaders should never, ever try to look cool - that's for dictators. The obsession with cool is getting entirely out of hand."

In the article, entitled "Cool Britannia? What a load of Rubbish", Elton said: "The whole country is collapsing under a pile of labels. The Prime Minister has publicly stated that he wants to rebrand Britain. But the truth is that you can't buy cool and you can't create it with a label."

"And what, I should like to know, is so great about being cool anyway?"

He added that the celebration of cool was a destructive force and a source of trouble.

"Uncool people never hurt anybody - all they do is collect stamps, read science fiction books and stand on the end of railway platforms staring at the trains."

Then he rounded on the politicians themselves, accusing them of trying to be cool to attract the voters.

"I don't mind Radio One trying to be trendy, but I can do without the Labour Party trying to strut its funky stuff. I did not

vote Labour because they've heard of Oasis and nobody is going to vote Tory because William Hague has a baseball cap."

The comedian, famed for his attacks on Margaret Thatcher during the Eighties, warned the Government to watch its step.

"The present Government should be very careful: style is not substitute for substance. Politicians have a tough job ... [and] should not make life even more difficult for themselves by committing the terrible mistake of trying to look cool."



Ben Elton lets rip at the Labour Party in the latest issue of the *Radio Times*

INSIDE GUIDE: WEATHER, P2 • CROSSWORDS, P28 AND EYE P10 • TODAY'S TELEVISION, EYE P12 • LETTERS, P16 • SPORT, P 22 • FULL CONTENTS, P2

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**TOMORROW**

■ No woman, no cry: the plight of Jamaica's mothers

■ Laura Ashley: don't ignore its hidden treasures

■ Lisa l'Anson: the DJ and her shoe obsession

■ Stephen Duffy: Duran Duran's comeback kid



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Recycled paper made up of 41.4% of the raw material for UK newspapers in the first half of 1997.

# Ulster's new peace survives marching threat

By Ian Burrell

THE NEW era of peace in Northern Ireland passed its first serious test yesterday when one of the most contentious days in the province's marching calendar passed without incident.

Politicians on both sides of the political divide expressed their relief after a violence-free Apprentice Boys' parade was held in Belfast.

But the chief constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, Ronnie Flanagan, said there was still a danger of "tremendous disorder" in the weeks ahead.

"Undoubtedly there are people out there intent on murder, intent on bombing, intent on wrecking any prospect that there is for a peaceful outcome," he said.

Only a dozen marchers from the Belfast Walker Club, together with one band, took part in the half-mile parade along the almost-deserted Ormeau Road.

There was no protest by Catholic residents and only a low-key police presence as the marchers stopped at the Ormeau bridge, in line with a ruling by the Parades Commission.

The bridge had been a flashpoint for violence in previous years. Marchers handed in a letter of protest about the re-routing when they reached a line of police Land Rovers at the bridge, which divides the two communities, but there was no confrontation. Twenty other loyalist Easter Monday parades also passed off without incident.

Catholic residents welcomed the conduct of the marchers. "This community is elated," said Gerard Rice of the Lower Ormeau Concerned Community.

But he called for urgent dialogue between the loyal orders and Catholic communities. "I don't consider having RUC Land Rovers and the world's media at the bridge to be a so-

lution. We need to resolve the core issues here," he said.

Mr Flanagan praised the marchers' "great maturity", but expressed his concern that there was no evidence of any local agreements about other contentious parades.

Worthington McGrath, of the Belfast Walker Club, said members were "bitterly disappointed" at the re-routing.

"We had gone to great lengths to meet the wishes of the Parades Commission and we live in hope that we will cross the bridge and parade into the city centre," he said.

The re-routing of the march was the first decision of the Parades Commission, which was set up to try to avert sectarian clashes.

It has still to take its most crucial decision - whether to allow an Orange Order march down the nationalist Garvaghy Road, Portadown, to Drumcree church in July. The Commission's preliminary views on Drumcree and other contentious parades are due to be announced in the week beginning 20 April.

As the province geared up for a 22 May referendum on the peace settlement, the Pope yesterday appealed for "responsible and concrete gestures" to make the deal a success. The agreement reached last week "allows those peoples so dear and so long afflicted to look toward the future with greater trust," he said.

But rebel Ulster Unionist Party MPs have threatened to join a "no" campaign being spearheaded by the Democratic Unionist Party leader, the Rev Ian Paisley, to bring down the agreement.

William Thompson, Ulster Unionist Party MP for West Tyrone, said he "probably would support" the campaign, which will be launched on Wednesday with adverts in local newspapers. Letters, page 16



Waterland: Houses near the River Neame in Peterborough are still swamped by the last of the flood waters to hit the area. Photograph: Lee Bedford

## Insurers count cost of Easter floods

By Linus Gregoriadis and Alistair Clay

PEOPLE living in the Midlands and East Anglia breathed a sigh of relief yesterday as river experts announced that the flooding is almost certainly over.

A spokesman for the Environment Agency said: "The great floods of 1947 were the worst in living memory. That level of flood happens about once a century. But what we

have seen over the weekend should be the sort of thing that happens only once in 150 years."

He added: "We're cautiously optimistic that the worst is now over, but river levels will remain high for the next 48 hours and it will take some days to get back to normality."

Owners of homes and businesses in towns including Leamington Spa and Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire, Evesham in

Worcestershire, Northampton and Bedford, continued the mop-up operation yesterday.

Peterborough was the last major centre of population to feel the force of the flood, but the Environment Agency said the city had not suffered as badly as it had feared.

Though further flooding is unlikely, the unseasonable weather is set to continue, with the prospect of more snow today in some regions.

Insurers said they would be

able to pay out an estimated £400m damages bill without any dramatic knock-on effect on the cost of premiums.

Dismissing claims that premiums could soar by up to 35 per cent to cover the massive losses.

Jeffery Salmon, chairman of Salmon Assessors, an insurance claim negotiator, claimed that the final bill for the flooding could be greater than the £1.2bn paid out after 1987 hurricane "We believe it's go-

ing to be somewhere between £1.2bn and £1.5bn."

But the Association of British Insurers (ABI) described these estimates as "absolute rubbish". Tony Baker, the ABI's deputy director, said: "It is not that big an event for the insurance industry to be faced with a bill for £300-500m. We have faced bigger. Money is set aside. That's what the industry is here for. There will be no significant effect on premiums."

## Children's prison is 10 times dearer than Eton

By Kate Watson-Smyth

THE first prison for children is to open this week amid complaints that it will be more expensive than sending a child to public school.

Medway Secure Training Centre, in Kent, will hold 40 of the country's most dangerous tearaways between the ages of 12 to 14, but yesterday the

Children's Society condemned it as a "no-hope" solution.

The cost of the centre has not been revealed, but the charity believes it will cost £5,000 per child a week - 10 times the cost of Eton or Harrow and twice the price of a room at the Ritz.

The centres, to be run by private companies, will hold offenders under the controversial "secure training orders"

brought in by the Conservative government. They were opposed by Labour in opposition as "colleges of crime", but shortly after taking office the Home Secretary, Jack Straw, announced he would be going ahead with the plans. It would be a waste of public money to cancel them, he said. But he has promised to replace the secure training orders with detention

and training orders, which are expected to increase the emphasis on rehabilitation and care rather than punishment.

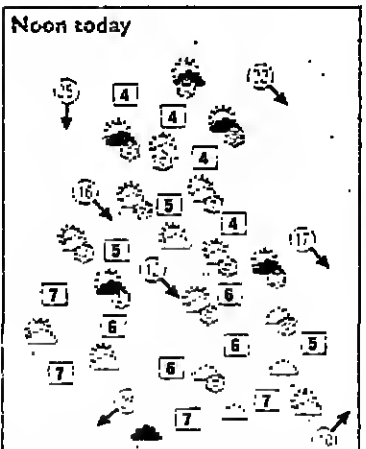
Ian Sparks, chief executive of the Children's Society, said the £5,000 a week would be better spent providing more local authority "secure" accommodation.

STCs were brought in by the Michael Howard, former home

secretary, in response to concern about young offenders.

Prolific teenage burglars and car thieves, such as Ratboy, seemed to be running out of control and could not be jailed, because they were too young. Before the Secure Training Orders were introduced, children under 15 could only be jailed for the most serious crimes like murder and manslaughter.

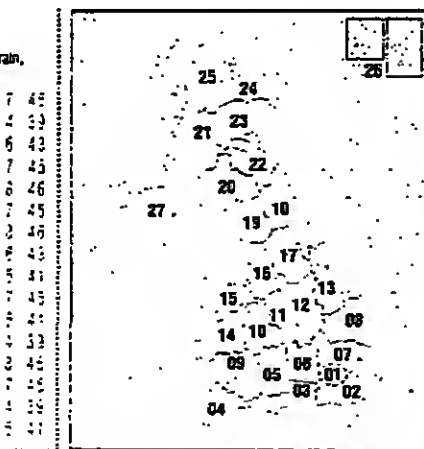
## WEATHER



### British Isles weather

Most recent available figures at noon local time.  
Cloudy, S. clear, E. fair, F. fog, H. haze, M. mist, R. rain, S. sunny, St. clear, Sh. showers, Sn. snow, Th. thunder.

Aberdeen	C 4 38	Glasgow	F 7 43
Anglesey	C 7 45	Inverness	Sh 4 53
Ayr	C 6 45	Isle of Wight	C 6 43
Belfast	C 5 41	Isles of Scilly	F 7 43
Birmingham	F 6 43	Jersey	F 6 46
Blackpool	F 6 43	Liverpool	F 7 45
Bournemouth	S 6 46	London	S 6 46
Bristol	F 7 45	Newcastle	F 6 43
Cardiff	F 6 43	Plymouth	C 6 41
Carlisle	F 7 45	Scarborough	F 7 43
Doncaster	F 6 43	Southampton	F 7 45
Edinburgh	C 6 43	Sheffield	F 7 45
Exeter	F 6 46	Stirling	C 6 43
Glasgow	F 6 43	York	C 6 41



### World weather

Most recent available figures at noon local time.

Algeria	C 16 64	Beijing	C 16 64
Amman	C 16 64	Bombay	C 16 64
Algiers	C 16 64	Buenos Aires	C 16 64
Antwerp	C 16 64	Calcutta	C 16 64
Athens	C 16 64	Chengdu	C 16 64
Auckland	C 16 64	Colon	C 16 64
Bahia	C 16 64	Dhaka	C 16 64
Bangkok	C 16 64	Hankow	C 16 64
Barcelona	C 16 64	Harbin	C 16 64
Bombay	C 16 64	Hong Kong	C 16 64
Buenos Aires	C 16 64	Kobe	C 16 64
Calcutta	C 16 64	London	C 16 64
Chengdu	C 16 64	Lyons	C 16 64
Colon	C 16 64	Manila	C 16 64
Dhaka	C 16 64	Medan	C 16 64
Hankow	C 16 64	Osaka	C 16 64
Harbin	C 16 64	Paris	C 16 64
Hong Kong	C 16 64	Rangoon	C 16 64
Kobe	C 16 64	Seoul	C 16 64
London	C 16 64	Singapore	C 16 64
Lyons	C 16 64	Taipei	C 16 64
Manila	C 16 64	Tokyo	C 16 64
Medan	C 16 64	Yokohama	C 16 64
Osaka	C 16 64		
Paris	C 16 64		
Rangoon	C 16 64		
Seoul	C 16 64		
Singapore	C 16 64		
Taipei	C 16 64		
Tokyo	C 16 64		
Yokohama	C 16 64		

### Air quality

Yesterday's readings

	PM10	PM2.5
London	Good	Good
5. England	Good	Good
Wales	Good	Good
2. England	Good	Good
1. England	Good	Good
Scotland	Good	Good
Ireland	Good	Good

### Outlook for the next few days

Wednesday will be not too sunny spells and scattered rain, showers. After a snowy start over eastern parts of England and Scotland, Thursday will be similar but rain will move into Scotland, preceded by snow. Rain will spread southwards across the country on Friday as the cold front moves in. A cold front will be a little milder. However, cold weather will return to Scotland by the weekend with wintry showers coming back.

### INDEPENDENT Weatherline

For the latest weather forecasts, visit our website at [www.independent.co.uk/weather](http://www.independent.co.uk/weather)

	High	Low	PM10	PM2.5
London	16	7	16	7
London	16	7	16	7
London	16	7	16	7
London	16	7	16	7
London	16	7	16	7
London	16	7	16	7
London	16	7	16	7
London	16	7	16	7
London	16	7	16	7
London	16	7	16	7

### Lighting-up times

For the latest weather forecasts, visit our website at [www.independent.co.uk/weather](http://www.independent.co.uk/weather)

	Lighting-up times	Sun & moon
London	05:12	Sun 06:01
London	05:12	Sun 06:01
London	05:12	Sun 06:01
London	05:12	Sun 06:01
London	05:12	Sun 06:01
London	05:12	Sun 06:01
London	05:12	Sun 06:01
London	05:12	Sun 06:01
London	05:12	Sun 06:01
London	05:12	Sun 06:01

### Out and about with AA Roadwatch

For the latest weather forecasts, visit our website at [www.independent.co.uk/weather](http://www.independent.co.uk/weather)

	Out and about with AA Roadwatch
London	05:12
London	05:12
London	05:12
London	05:12
London	05:12
London	05:12
London	05:12
London	05:12
London	05:12
London	05:12

## MICHAEL HANLON

## WEATHER WISE

DID this winter's spectacular El Niño have anything to do with global warming? Yes, say some US experts. James Baker, under-secretary of commerce for oceans and atmosphere, claimed that if global warming is a reality, weather phenomena such as El Niño could intensify.

The flow of warm water south along the east Pacific coast, replacing the normal upwelling of cold water from the Southern Ocean, was much more extensive this winter than in normal years. In a report last week, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration said the 1997-98 El Niño ranks as one of the major climatic events of the century. "Last winter gave the world a preview of what climate conditions may be like

as global warming increases," Mr Baker said.

Some models, he said, indicate that with global warming the effects of El Niño will intensify, but he admitted there was no hard evidence this was happening.

The key words are "some models". Attempts to model the climate using super-computers, desktop Pentiums or pen and paper have not been successful.

El Niño is driven by solar heat. If the total thermal input into the system increases, say as a result of carbon dioxide-induced warming, it might be expected that effects such as El Niño would increase.

But it might also be expected that other thermal phenomena, such as tropical storms, would increase too. In fact, the severe El Niño of the past few months has been directly related to a fall in both the number and severity of tropical Atlantic storms.

It's all horribly complicated, and it's probably fair to say that inferences of catastrophic change from a few months' worth of data should be treated with extreme caution.

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# Taxpayer to pay for success of rail sell-off

By Randeep Ramesh  
Transport Correspondent

TAXPAYERS could become victims of the success of private train companies in attracting record numbers of passengers to the rail network.

Services which are overburdened can ask for taxpayers to meet part of the £750,000 bill for every new carriage bought to meet the unexpected de-

mand. Under rules set up when the companies were sold, owners can apply for more public cash to buy extra rolling stock if they are carrying more passengers than in 1989, when 813,000 people used trains in the South-east of England during morning rush-hour.

With some lines now seeing passenger numbers increasing by 20 per cent a year, many companies are expecting to run out

of room on their services. Government figures last month showed five out of the 10 train companies operating commuter routes serving London are already "too full". Connex South Central, which serves the south coast and London, has a "capacity limit" of 64,000. But the latest figures show 64,886 people using it in the rush-hour.

Growth of nearly 10 per cent in passenger numbers on

Thameslink, which runs the Brighton-London-Bedford service, saw it carry nearly 2,000 more commuters in the morning peak than its 24,500 limit. John O'Brien, the Franchising Director, who monitors the network, says no operator has come looking for money yet to buy new carriages to cope with this "unforeseen growth".

But numbers are going up fast. South West Trains, which

ferries commuters from Surrey to London, is only a few hundred passengers short of its 71,000 capacity limit and grew by 10 per cent last year. WAGN, which runs the busy Peterborough-to-London service, is only fractionally under its maximum load of 45,500 - having only carried 39,000 passengers in 1996.

There is no one explanation for the growth in passenger numbers.

Growth in the economy is one factor. But while London Underground has seen passenger numbers rise by 4 per cent, the "overground" rail companies have recorded a 10 per cent jump.

Some railway managers say housing developments on the edge of the city have seen a new "commuter class" develop. Martin Walter, a marketing manager with Thameslink, said:

"We have seen new passengers from new housing in Harpenden [in Hertfordshire], where professionals want to get into the centre and with us it's only 25 minutes."

Others point to London's increasingly gridlocked roads. Civil servants at the Franchising Director's office say "congestion is now universal". "People no longer can drive to the edge of London and then

take the Tube - because of congestion. So they take the train."

Executives also say the rail network may require an overhaul. "Personally, I think the infrastructure needs to be looked at first," said John Hampson, commercial director with Connex South Central. "There is no point in running more carriages on each train if the platforms in south London are not long enough to cope with them."

## Missionary heading for another Heart of Darkness

TERRY WAITE was once asked if he would intervene again on behalf of hostages, in spite of the five years he spent chained to various radiators in Beirut after his last involvement. Most people would have found it easy to say "no", but not the 6ft 7ins former envoy to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"If I was sufficiently convinced that I was the right person to do it, I would go back, not to cock a snook or say, 'look at what this great man dare do', but simply because it might be worth a try," he replied.

Good as his word, Mr Waite is set to intervene again, this time on behalf of three Americans held hostage by Colombian guerrillas since 1993. He flew to New York yesterday to begin talks that might eventually lead him into the South American jungle.

The news was greeted, inevitably, with astonishment and, in some quarters, with a little cruelty. Asking Terry Waite to rescue hostages is, after all, akin to offering Nelson Mandela the job of prison officer on Robben Island. The fact that he is being accompanied by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, author of *A Hundred Years of Solitude*, did nothing to relieve the sense of disbelief.

Mr Waite, 50, was due to meet Marquez and fellow Beirut hostage Terry Anderson last night to decide upon a course of action to secure the release of Mark Rich, 28, Richard Tenenoff, 41, and 49-year-old Charles Mankins, all kidnapped from a border village in Panama five years ago.

The hostages' families turned to Mr Waite after all their other efforts failed. He admits that negotiations might eventually lead him to Colombia, where kidnapping is com-

### IN THE NEWS

#### TERRY WAITE

monplace, but he insists that he will not place himself in danger.

"After what happened the last time, people might think I'm crazy for doing it again, but I'm going into it with my eyes open," he said. However, he has said on many occasions that he went into the Lebanese negotiations with eyes open - even when he was blindfolded and led into 1,763 days of captivity by Ahmed Hizbollah militia.

That was, in January 1987, while he was acting as the special envoy of Dr Robert Runcie, the former Archbishop of Canterbury, on a mission to free a number of Western hostages. It has since emerged that Dr Runcie thought the enterprise foolhardy and that Mr Waite was being used as a stooge for an arms-for-hostages deal with Iran. Coupled with disclosures about arguments with other hostages and accusations that he has a fondness for the limelight, the former envoy has taken a mild battering since his release in 1991.

Of the latter accusation, he once said: "You take a high profile because you're trying to keep the case of the hostages alive. Of course, your own ego is involved - you can't be good in the publicity field without that - and if you're a human being, some element of vanity and pride will be present. But nobody has the right to say I was involved for those reasons. Publicity! It's a hell of a way to get publicity!"

After his release, Mr Waite

had some psychological problems and he accepted all the help he was offered in fairness to his wife, Frances, and their four children.

He always spoke glowingly of the support he received from Frances and promised not to put her through the same anguish again. It will be interesting, as the media gather, to see how far into his modern-day *Heart of Darkness* Terry Waite will be prepared to go in the pursuit of freedom for three strangers.

Steve Boggan



Into the heart of darkness: Terry Waite, who has accepted a request to travel to Colombia and help free hostages held by guerrillas. Photograph: Brian Harris

#### DREAMS OF FREEDOM

In the early days of his captivity, Terry Waite was haunted by a dream which was both sad and uplifting.

"I was walking along a beach in a part of the world I didn't know, and, suddenly, felt I was lost and alone," he said. "Then I saw some figures walk along the beach and they took me by the hand to a village and safety. Then I recognised them as my own children."

He said the image gave him the strength to go on.

#### AN AFRICAN COUP

When Mr Waite's wife, Frances, was eight months pregnant with their son Mark (they also have three grown-up daughters, twins Ruth and Claire, and Gillian), the family was caught up in the Ugandan coup led by Idi Amin.

One night they heard gunfire. "In the morning there was a body at the bottom of the garden," Mr Waite recalls. "More were scattered around. Bullets started flying. We dived back into the house and turned on the BBC World Service and learned there'd been a coup."

#### KEEPING WATCH

In spite of the privations he endured during captivity, including beatings and a mock execution, Mr Waite says he is not bitter. "I look back on the experience with gratitude," he once said.

When he was finally released, he asked his captors for the return of his watch, which was taken after his abduction. When they told him it had been lost, he boomed at them: "What do you mean? You can't just go around stealing people's watches!" So they went out and bought him a new one.

## Termite alert as insects eat porch

By Ian Burrell

NAPOLÉON'S troops couldn't do it and neither could Hitler's, but Britain's shores have been invaded by millions of the most destructive soldiers known to man - termites.

The army of *Reticulitermes flavipes* marches on its stomach. It will dine on fungi, paper, cloth, leather, plastic piping and lead-sheathed telephone cable. But, most of all, the termite likes to devour wood. And with a single colony consisting of up to three million insects, they are capable of eating a house.

For years, governments have been fighting a rearguard action to protect Britain's trees, fence posts, garden sheds and kitchen tables from being gobbled up by a scourge which is dreaded in Africa and southern Europe and has spread to the north coast of France.

But three years ago pest controllers received the news they had feared: a wooden conservatory in North Devon had been consumed.

The housewife who had discovered the termites was told to keep silent while the Department of Environment set up a secret task force to destroy the invading colony.

The man they turned to was Tony Bravery, director of the Centre of Timber Technology Construction at the Building Research Station near Watford. Working with a timber treatment expert, Mr Bravery blitzed the termites with chemical weapons.

The insecticides should have had a devastating effect on the insect soldiers, which are armed only with mandibles and a squirt gun in their snouts which fires a repellent glandular secretion, mostly at enemy ants.

Dr Bravery, who managed to trace the termite infestation to a plant which had been brought in from eastern Europe, was confident that the British winter would kill off any insects that had escaped. Yet, termites are great survivors. Each colony contains a large number of winged reproductives capable of flying several hundred yards to establish new nests.

This spring the termites have reappeared, eating their way through a timber porch. Dr Bravery said: "It does not look like a big colony but we keep finding them. It is very worrying."

Among the nervous on-lookers will be the timber merchants who had been celebrating Government plans for the building of four million new homes by the year 2016.

Experts attribute the termite's survival in Britain to climate change, which has seen cockroaches, deathwatch beetle and other pests move north.



MacGregor: "I was not a butcher, I was a plastic surgeon"

## Ian MacGregor, scourge of miners, dies

By Donald Macintyre

SIR IAN MACGREGOR, who was chairman of the National Coal Board during the 1984-85 miners' strike, died yesterday while staying with friends in Somerset. He was 85.

Sir Ian was given by Margaret Thatcher the job of scaling down the coal industry in the belief that pit closures would provoke a strike for which the government was ready.

Lady Thatcher said yesterday: "He brought a breath of fresh air to British industry and

he had such a genial personality.

"He had a tremendous way of putting things. He made a real difference and I was very grateful when he came back to this country."

Not everyone in the coal industry found him so genial. Although he was born and educated in Scotland it was his background as a highly successful businessman in the US which attracted him to the then Prime Minister when he was brought in to run the British Steel Corporation. In the steel industry, as later in coal, he set

about a formidable job-shedding programme which was pivotal to the restructuring of the British economy between 1980 and 1983. He was then translated to the NCB where his antipathy to the Morrisonian coal board management culture was considered by ministers as a key qualification for the job.

His courage and determination are not in doubt. He certainly emerged the victor, though his harsher critics argued that there were times when the coal board appeared to be winning despite rather than because

of his leadership. At the height of the conflict with the miners he needlessly helped to provoke a serious strike threat by the normally loyal pit deputies, saying that he could replace them with outsiders as Ronald Reagan had done with striking air-traffic controllers.

His lack of presentational skills could well have been seriously damaging if Arthur Scargill had not forfeited trade union, Labour Party and above all public sympathy by refusing to hold a strike ballot.

His market value, however,

was underlined by the - for the times - huge and controversial payments, each of well over £1m, to Lazard Freres of which he was a senior partner, at the time of his appointments both to the BSC and NCB.

He insisted that his harsh image was a distortion and his publicly stated intention before the strike was to ensure jobs in mining for all who wanted them and generous redundancy payments for those who did not. "I am not a butcher," he said. "I am a plastic surgeon - I try to rebuild damaged features."

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A spokesman for the Department of Health said: "Although the machinery is still there, there is still the suspicion of a strong temptation not to rat on a mate, though what the mate is doing may be injurious to patients."

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### Mitchell's peace at home

NOBEL Peace Prize candidate George Mitchell celebrated Friday's peace agreement by going for a brief Easter stroll in New York's Central Park. Mitchell, 64, is the former US senator who led the Ulster mediation team during the past 22 months. He remarried in 1994 and has a six-month-old son, whom he has seen only fleetingly since his birth. Dressed in khaki trousers, green anorak and trainers, Mitchell walked beside his wife Heather as she carried baby Andrew in a sling. "I feel fine," Mitchell told the *New York Times*. "I slept on the plane." Amazingly, after a brief trip to Washington to report to President Clinton this week and then his baby's christening, Mitchell is leaving on a business trip to Europe. Judging from his wife's acceptance of this plan, Pandora must assume Mitchell is a miracle worker whose peace brokering knows no limits, political or domestic.

### Class diversion for Tory

FOLLOWING Gyles Brandreth's astounding diary revelations in the *Sunday Telegraph*, the hunt is on to find the Tory minister who missed an Education Bill vote on 28 January 1997 after having told the former Tory whip, "I've got some right high-class shank tonight. I'm going to take her home and knob her rigid". Could this have been the same MP who went missing for a Commons division on the Education Bill the previous evening, 27 January, in which the Government was defeated by one vote? Pandora believes almost anything was possible during those last dark hours before Major's downfall.

### Capital idea dies a death

A JOLLY Easter lunch party in Oxfordshire took a macabre turn when the journalist and author Paul Johnson decided to poll his table companions on the subject of capital punishment. "Do you believe in the death penalty?" Johnson asked the *Telegraph* proprietor Conrad Black, the novelist Candia McWilliams (right), the playwright Harold Pinter, financier and host Peter Soros and Pandora, among others. "No," was the answer in each case. "Oh well," said an unruffled Johnson, looking across the room at the other table, "I don't suppose anyone over there agrees with me either."



### Big issue for US streets

THE launch of the *Big Issue* in Los Angeles this month has sparked a turf war. There have long been other marginal newspapers in America produced for and by homeless people. But the *Big Issue* is a very polished publication compared to New York's *Street News*, San Francisco's *Street Sheet* or Santa Monica's *Making Change*. Founded by John Bird and Gordon Roddick, the *Big Issue* carries glam advertising (Calvin Klein, Levi's) and turns a handsome profit. Of course all profit goes to support charities for the homeless, but its American rivals distrust such success. Jennifer Waggoner, who has published one issue of *Making Change* in Santa Monica, works on a laptop in the back of her van. The *Big Issue* has offered her financial assistance, a new computer and help in finding office space, but she is having none of it.

### PC Julie's sporting chance

IN LAST Saturday's *Guardian*, Julie Burchill wrote extolling political correctness. Her justification: female American undergraduates need firm rules to protect them from oversized, oversexed male athletes on campus. Pandora salutes this classic example of anything-for-a-little-attention Burchillian reasoning. (Since male student athletes make up far less than 1 per cent of the campus population, it's clear that the "political" in Burchill's PC code has nothing to do with democracy.) The American colleges with the strictest rules about student sex behaviour are institutions such as Oral Roberts University, run by right-wing Christian zealots who ban dancing, hand holding and, incidentally, regard any form of political correctness like vampires exposed to the sun. Perhaps Julie should take up a writer-in-residence post at ORU and try a taste of her own hogwash?

Pandora

### DAILY POEM

#### The Forest Pool

by Edith Nesbit

Lean down and see your little face  
Reflected in the forest pool.  
Tall fangloves grow about the place.  
Forget the notes grow green and cool.  
Look deep and see the naiad rise  
To meet the sunshine of your eyes.

Lean down and see how you are fair:  
How gold your hair, your mouth how red;  
See the leaves dance about your hair  
The wind has left unfilled.  
What maid of them can compare  
With you for good and dear and fair?

Ah! look no more - the water stirs.  
The naiad weeps your face to see.  
Your beauty is more rare than hers.  
And you are more beloved than she.  
Flee, before she steals the charms  
The pool has trusted to her arms.

Our Daily Poems until Friday come from the revised and expanded edition of the Penguin Classics anthology *Poetry of the 19th Century* (Penguin, £8.99), edited by R K R Thornton and Marjorie Thomas. "The Forest Pool" first appeared in 1898, in Edith Nesbit's *Songs of Love and Empire*.

## DIY craze that carries lethal risk

Fashion for stripping wood can release deadly lead fumes, reports Ian Burrell



Joan Rider: Sanding off lead paint at her Victorian home put her in danger of fatal brain damage  
Photograph: Malcolm Ganderton

THE growing fashion for stripped wood could bring about a major increase in cases of lead poisoning. Lead paint, which has been undisturbed for decades, is being removed with heat guns and sanders, unleashing potentially lethal fumes.

Joan Rider, a fitness instructor, found this to her cost when she chose a stripped-wood finish for her newly bought five-bedroom home and nearly died as a result.

The task of burning and blasting the paintwork from the door frames and skirting boards of the Victorian property almost destroyed her both physically and mentally.

She lost her sense of balance and had to stop working because of chronic tiredness and dizziness.

Her condition baffled doctors until tests showed she had nearly 800 milligrams of lead per litre of blood, eight

times the safe limit and leaving her at risk of fatal brain damage. She had been poisoned by inhaling thousands of particles of lead from the dust of pre-war paint. "It's an insidious way of being poisoned," she said. "As long as you have the lead in your body your condition is going to get worse."

Until the 1960s, paint contained up to 50 per cent lead by weight. But when the paint is burned off by temperatures in excess of 450C, the lead vaporises.

Richard Meeran of the London solicitors Leigh Day, said that the Government, the DIY industry and doctors were all culpable for failing to warn the

public of the dangers. "This has been known about for a long time. They have all been slow to issue warnings to the public and they still have not done it effectively."

A new Lead Awareness Group, comprising leading doctors, toxicologists, lawyers and environmentalists,

has been set up to warn the public of the risks of lead paint.

Mr Meeran is particularly angry that some DIY companies have been warning American consumers of the dangers of lead paint since 1983 but failing to do the same in this country.

There are also particular dangers to children who develop a craving for lead paint on doors or window sills because it tastes so sweet.

Mr Meeran is dealing with two cases where babies have been severely brain damaged by chewing on lead paint.

Meanwhile Mrs Rider, 55, from Broadstairs in Kent, is having therapy which involves taking 18 tablets a day to draw the lead from her body tissue.

She is now considering legal action against the makers of the sandblaster and heat gun equipment. "You become physically weak and that affects you emotionally," she said. "You cannot do things you would normally be able to do. It destroys your life."

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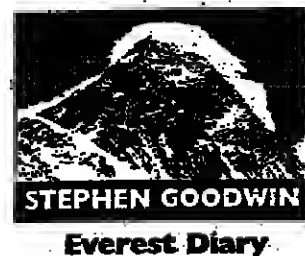
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Third attempt:  
Tom Whittaker,  
49, tackling the  
Khumbu Icefall.  
With an artificial  
right leg, he  
hopes to be the  
first amputee to  
ascend the  
summit and  
plans to make  
his latest assault  
next month.  
Photograph:  
Howard Kelley



## Without a leg to stand on, but on top of the world



### Base Camp

THE artificial limb lying on the snow beside the crampon-scarred track into the Khumbu Icefall seemed pretty incongruous by anyone's standards.

Just getting to Base Camp would be a considerable feat for a disabled person. Discarding a limb at the foot of one of the key stages in the ascent of Everest, well, that is a puzzle.

Just as a reminder that entering the icefall is akin to playing Russian roulette, we watched from our tents this morning as one of the seracs (ice cliffs) collapsed in a cascading explosion of ice and snow. Fortunately, it was some distance from the route engineered up to Camp One and which, weather permitting, our Himalayan Kingdoms team will take tomorrow.

The owner of the artificial limb was also well out of the firing line of the serac fall. Tom Whittaker was back at his own Everest Challenge base after two days at Camp One in preparation for what he hopes will be

the first ascent of the mountain's summit by an amputee. British climber Norman Croucher, missing both legs below the knee, has climbed Cho Oyo, the sixth highest 8,000m peak, and been high on Everest's north side.

Whittaker, who holds British and United States passports, is a fit-looking 49-year-old. Three inches over six foot, he has every bit of the physique of the bouncer he briefly was in Gibraltar nightclubs, and the "big wall" climber and outdoor pursuits specialist he has been over more than 25 years. It is only when a slight limp draws the

gaze to his right foot that one realises how extraordinary Whittaker's attempt on Everest really is.

In place of a foot, Whittaker has a piece of sprung graphite which looks rather like a spatula attached to a prosthesis under his trouser leg. What we had seen at the base of the icefall was his work-a-day prosthesis, bashed about on the quarry floor of Base Camp and switched for his mountain climbing limb, which comes complete with crampon-spiked foot.

Whittaker's life was turned upside down in 1979, when, just as he was about to improve his skiing skills in Sun Valley, Idaho, he was hit by a drunk driver in a car. Both his legs were smashed. "At first it was so serious that I didn't have time to think about the ramifications of it," he said.

When he did, he decided not to return to England where "as an army brat" he felt he had no roots. He had been at boarding school in Surrey and North Wales before starting a career in outdoor education.

Supported by friends, he rebuilt his life in the United States and is now a professor of adventure education at Prescott College, in Arizona, married with one daughter and still able to spend lots of time in the outdoors. He has also made two attempts on Everest, surviving a storm which killed five Polish climbers in 1989 and getting within 1,000m of the summit in 1995.

"I was super disappointed," he said of that 1995 attempt on the north side when "a certain amount of squabbling" between teams meant that there was insufficient fixed rope in place to compensate for his disability. "That trip cost me about \$30,000 (£18,400) whereas this one is costing about \$300,000 (£184,000), but the deal is I want to be in control of my destiny."

Whittaker is sponsored by US broadcasters CBS and innovative protein company Ester-C. Not surprisingly the Everest Challenge team has the best communications and a boggling amount of healthy powders which Whittaker believes are the equivalent of knocking 1,000m off Everest's daunting 8848m.

Whittaker is surrounded by friends and climbing colleagues from Prescott College. They all seem to share his goal of placing the first amputee on the top of the world, and unlike on previous attempts he is "prepared to be a little bit selfish" to ensure that he makes it. "These are young men and women in their prime who will get another chance whereas I am a fat 50-year-old with one foot," he said.

People with far greater disabilities than Whittaker will be trying to make the journey to Base Camp as part of the Challenge project. Including a 54-year-old woman missing a complete leg, the group are all from a programme started by Whittaker to repay his "debt" to the community that helped

**The deal is, I want to be in control of my destiny**

him recover and called, somewhat oddly, C.W.Hogg - co-operative wilderness handicapped outdoor group. "If these people don't work together as a team, their chances of getting up to Base Camp are very remote," said Whittaker, who will be depending to one of the lower lodges to meet the group shortly before making his summit attempt in May. His progress can be followed on web site: [www.everestonline.com](http://www.everestonline.com).

Ready communications with home and office via electronic mail and satellite telephones can be a mixed blessing - even when these precious systems are actually working. Take stockbroker Rob Owen's electronic mailbag of yesterday; while he got an affectionate message from his wife, Lisa, he also received a lengthy missive on inflation in Romania. Rob's boss obviously thinks that the young Everest is pining for news of eastern European economies. Receiving the call cost Rob \$50 (£31), but at least the rest of the team found it good mickey-taking value.

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### Albanian gunmen wound British diplomats

TWO British diplomats were shot and wounded yesterday on the outskirts of the Albanian capital, only the latest in a line of diplomats to feel the sharp end of the Balkan state's descent into lawlessness and anarchy following the collapse last year of a series of so-called "pyramid" investment schemes in which much of the population had invested.

Vice-Consul David Bicker and deputy Catherine Jones were shot in the stomach and arm respectively by masked gunmen who stopped their car and robbed them on the outskirts of Thana as the two were on their way back from lunch. Mr Bicker and Ms Jones were taken to hospital but released after treatment. Last month, a European Union monitor was shot and wounded by armed men who took away his car. A Greek officer was stopped at gunpoint and forced to give up his car and his gun.

### Virgin balloonist dies

THE balloonist who saved Richard Branson's life last year died yesterday, three months after suffering multiple injuries in a parachuting accident, writes Steve Beggan.

Alex Ritchie, 52, who climbed outside the Virgin Challenger capsule when it began plummeting to the ground during Mr Branson's round-the-world attempt in January 1997, died from septicaemia after undergoing a hip operation. His family maintained a vigil at his bedside at London's Middlesex Hospital until he died. Last night, Mr Branson said: "Alex was a brilliant friend and also a brilliant engineer." *Obituary, page 48*

### Scientist urges food crisis body

AN INDEPENDENT advisory body should be set up to prevent a BSE-type crisis happening again, a leading specialist in microbiology said yesterday.

Professor Richard Lacey, who was the first scientist to warn that BSE could spread to humans, said the body was needed to ensure independent research was adequately funded. "I've yet to see any proper proposal of independent academic status in funding research," he said.

### E.coli death inquiry

A HOSPITAL that treated victims of the world's worst *E.coli* O157 outbreak is investigating claims that it failed to diagnose the infection in a woman who later died. Yesterday a spokesman for Law Hospital in Carlisle, Lancashire, confirmed it had received a formal complaint from James Millar - whose wife Margaret, 67, died on 13 March - but declined to comment further.

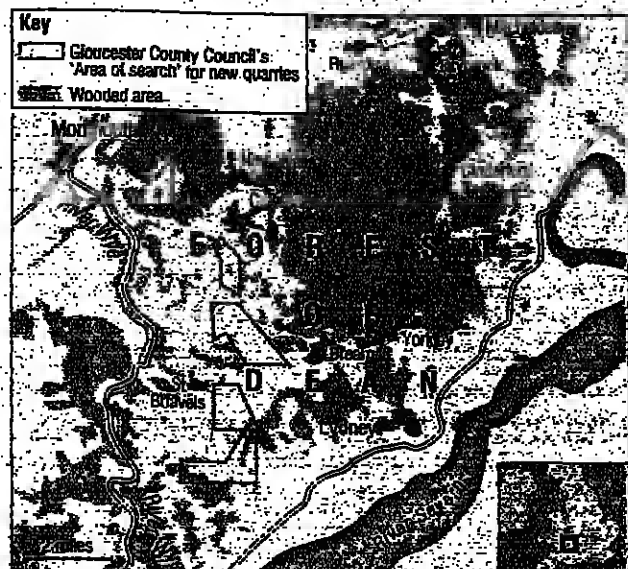
### 'Sockman' raises eyebrows

THE arrival of a bronze cast figure of a naked man wearing just a sycamore leaf and a pair of socks is causing controversy in a Midlands town. Sponsored by Labour-run Charnwood council, the £23,000 *Sockman* by Shona Kinloch will stand in Loughborough's Market Place, but some locals are angry at its cost.

هكمان الأصيل



# How ministers broke their promises to one of the most beautiful parts of Britain



## EXCLUSIVE

By Michael McCarthy  
Environment Correspondent

THE Government is refusing to fulfil a firm election pledge to give special protection against quarrying and other harmful development in the Forest of Dean in Gloucestershire.

The forest, lying between the valleys of the Wye and the Severn and the most ancient hunting forest in England, is facing the threat of giant limestone quarries which may have to be dug to meet the Government's massive target for crushed rock for the roads and construction industries.

The adjacent Wye Valley Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty is also at risk.

The specific and unanimous promise of special protection was given personally by the then shadow environment secretary, Frank Dobson, at a meeting in the forest one month before the election last year.

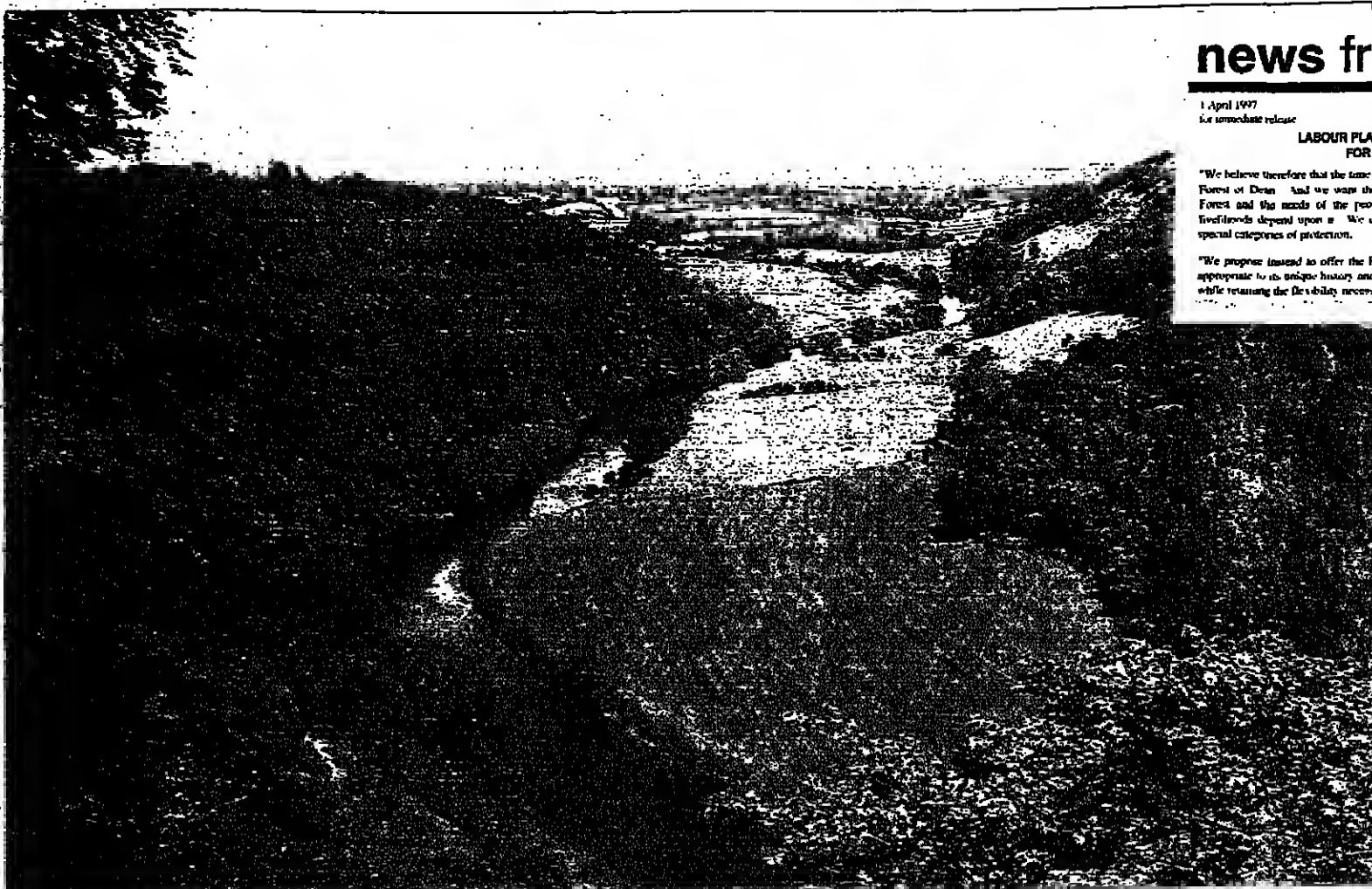
Mr Dobson's pledge was put out on an official Labour Party press release and featured prominently in the election literature of the Labour candidate for the Forest of Dean, Diana Organ.

Local campaigners feel it helped her capture, with a lower than average swing to Labour, what had been a Tory-held constituency (as Gloucestershire West) for 18 years.

However, Mr Dobson switched briefs to health after the election and at two meetings in the past six months the environment department's planning minister, Richard Caborn, has made it clear the Government has no intention of setting up the special protection regime Mr Dobson promised.

A spokesman for the Department of the Environment, Transport and the Regions said yesterday: "Richard Caborn has met Diana Organ and local delegations. There is no immediately available one-off solution for the forest."

Instead, campaigners against the quarrying threat are being told to work through the tradi-



Digging for troubles: The Forest of Dean (above) and Labour's pre-poll pledge of special protection against quarrying

tional planning process. Local people, who last month delivered 8,000 postcards to Downing Street asking Tony Blair when the promise was going to be kept, are now talking hotly of betrayal.

Bill Hobman, Labour chairman of the Forest of Dean district council, said: "I do have to say I am extremely disappointed that what was a categorical statement made without us asking, which I take to be an election pledge, is not being honoured by the minister."

Ken Secrett, a resident who founded Hewelsfield Against Quarrying, one of a number of pressure groups, said: "The Labour Party gave a simple straightforward promise of custom-built special planning status for the forest, which undoubtedly won many votes and influenced the election result in a marginal constituency. Now the Government seems determined to renege on its promise and I think it is a disgusting betrayal."

"It reinforces the cynicism in

which politicians are held in this country."

The Forest of Dean, which was considered for designation as Britain's first national park in 1938 but was left for the Forestry Commission to protect, was once notable for coal mines and other industrial sites.

But tourism now underpins its economic future.

The threat to the forest and Wye valley comes from the Government's policy for minerals planning, still based on the outdated "predict and provide"

approach - work out how much you think you will need and then try and provide it, whatever the consequences - which John Prescott, Deputy Prime Minister, abandoned for housing policy earlier this year.

"Predict and provide" means the Government is chasing a target of 1.9 billion tons of crushed rock for the roads and construction industries by 2006 and Gloucestershire County Council has been told to find 22.4 million tons as its share by that date - which it

cannot do at present extraction rates.

Six months before the election the county council selected several parts of the forest as areas of search for limestone quarries, sparking a protest from residents who feared not only massive new scars on the landscape but pressure from lorries on the forest's minor roads.

Mr Dobson responded at a public meeting at Clearwell Castle in the forest in April last year. Accompanied by Mrs Or-

## news from Labour

1 April 1997  
For immediate release

### LABOUR PLANS SPECIAL PROTECTION FOR FOREST OF DEAN

"We believe therefore that the time has come to offer special planning protection to the Forest of Dean. And we want the protection to reflect the unique character of the Forest and the needs of the people who live in and around it, many of whose livelihoods depend upon it. We don't propose simply to apply any of the existing special categories of protection."

"We propose instead to offer the Forest of Dean a new 'custom-built' special status appropriate to its unique status and character."

gan, he said: "Today the Forest of Dean is faced with proposals for mineral workings, in particular limestone quarrying on a scale which poses a major threat ... the time has come to offer special planning protection to the Forest of Dean. We don't propose simply to apply any of the existing special categories of protection. We propose instead to offer the Forest of Dean a new 'custom-built' special status appropriate to its unique status and character."

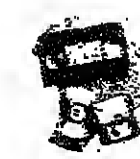
There were precedents for Mr Dobson's promise: such custom-built planning status has already been given to other areas, including the Norfolk Broads and the New Forest. Mr Caborn, however, has shown no interest. Mr Dobson also promised a sweeping consultation exercise about the plan after the election - which has not taken place either. Mrs Organ has led two delegations of local people to see Mr Caborn about Mr Dobson's promise and received, in effect, a dusty answer. She was not available for comment yesterday.

The Government is to publish a White Paper on the future of the countryside later in the year. Michael Meacher, the environment minister, said it will set out a "new vision" of rural life.

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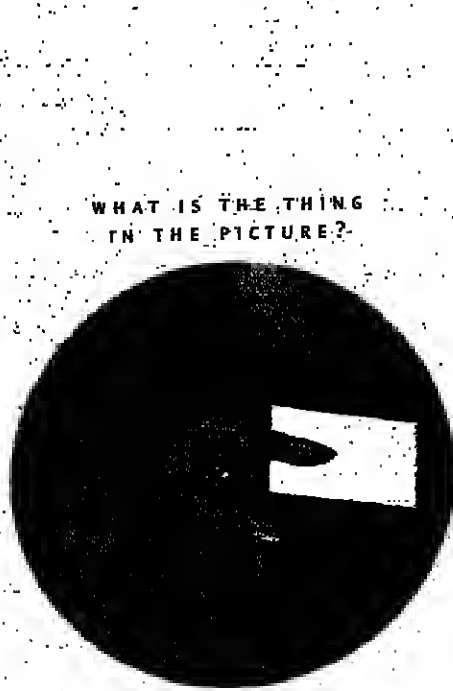
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# British bad faith leaves legacy of hate

## How Balfour failed both Jews and Arabs

By Robert Fisk  
Middle East Correspondent

BRITAIN'S honeymoon in Palestine was short-lived. It began with Allenby's triumphant entry into Jerusalem in 1917 and ended, in Churchill's own words, in the "hell disaster" of 1948. Both Jew and Arab were betrayed by the empire which was given a League of Nations protectorate in the Holy Land in the aftermath of the First World War.

Britain had promised the Jews a homeland in Palestine - but had also promised the Arabs freedom in all their lands in return for their support in the war against the Ottoman Turks. In reality, we broke our promise to both of them.

The Arabs watched Britain retreat from its obligations in the face of the UN's vote for an Israeli state; the Jews found that they got only half of Palestine - although Balfour had indicated that the whole of the territory might be their homeland. And when 700,000 Arab Palestinians fled their homes in what was to become Israel, we watched and - save for a few shots fired in defence of Haifa - forgot the victims.

Even today, the ruthless war fought out between Jew and Briton - and our failure to honour our promises to the Arabs - antagonises relations between Britain and Israel and between Britain and the Arabs. Neither side can forget what happened 50 years ago. Jews murdered Britons and Britons beat and banded and sometimes murdered Jews. Arabs and Jews slaughtered each other for the land under British control. When the last British troops packed their kit bags, they symbolised the end of empire and the end of any serious British role in Middle East politics for a generation. Many of them left under fire.

It all seemed simpler when Balfour made his declaration, anxious at the time to persuade world Jewry (especially in the United States) to support the Allied cause against Germany. "His Majesty's Government," he said, "view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish People, and will



use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object... Less attention was taken to Balfour's warning that "nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine."

Equally little attention has been paid since to the word "Palestine", for Britain was clearly envisaging all of Palestine - including what is now the West Bank (in antiquity, more Jewish than the Mediterranean coast) - as a Jewish "homeland". Jewish writers, with the brave exception of historians like Benny Morris, have paid equally little attention to Balfour's reference to "non-Jewish communities". And why should they? It was Balfour himself who wrote privately in 1918 that "in Palestine we do not propose even to go through the form of consulting the wishes of the present inhabitants of the country". For him, Zionism was "of far profounder import than the desire and prejudices (sic) of the 700,000 Arabs who now inhabit that ancient land".

And so it turned out. As Arab suspicion and then fury increased against the British, as they allowed European Jews into Palestine, so Jewish frustration increased at the British restrictions on immigration. Throughout the Second World War, Jew and Arab largely declared a ceasefire; many joined the British Army. Their graves lie together at Alamein - though when the then British foreign secretary Malcolm Rifkind insisted that the Israelis should be allowed to commemorate their dead on the 50th anniversary in 1992, five Israeli flags - but not a single Palestinian flag - fluttered over the battlefield.

Moshe Dayan, future warrior of Israel, lost his eye to a Vichy French sniper liberating Lebanon in 1941.

Even before the war ended, the Palestine conflict resumed

with bloodthirsty intent. In 1944, Jewish gunmen assassinated Britain's minister-resident in Cairo, Lord Moyne. The *Observer* blamed "Jewish fascism." In 1946, Menachem Begin's Jewish militants in Jerusalem blew up the King David Hotel, headquarters of British forces in Palestine - a "terrorist" act if ever there was one, the ninth most horrific this century, according to the British. It killed 91, including Arabs and Jews. The Jewish Agency denounced the bombing - though few Jews could forget how Britain persuaded the Turks to prevent East European Jews travelling through the Bosphorus to Palestine in their flight from the Nazis. Those Britons who had fought and died to liberate the death camps of Europe were now being attacked by the survivors in Palestine. The British banged Jews for "terrorism". The historian Martin Gilbert, in his new history of Israel, recalls the names of three: Avshalom Haviv, Yaakov Weiss and Meir Nakar.

In revenge, the Jews hanged two British Army sergeants - whose names, Marvin Palce and Clifford Martin, are not recorded by Mr Gilbert in his new book. Their bodies were booby-trapped after their strangulation.

"Must our Boys Die?" the *Daily Mail* asked, urging an early British retreat. The *Mail* got its way. The *Times* commented with prescience that the violence in Palestine was "a fan to flame the smouldering resentment of the Arabs who campaign already that they are victimised by terrorism and now threaten in their turn to resort to force." The British left behind them a resentful Israel and a cruelly-dispossessed community of Palestinians, most of whom held deeds to their land issued by the British mandate authorities as well as the Ottomans. Their brown Palestine passports were identical to those of the British, complete with lion and unicorn and "Dieu et Mon Droit" at the top. But they had no rights. The British, for all their First World War promises of independence for the Arabs, no more protected the Arabs of their mandate than the Jews.



Flashback Jews on a British armoured car celebrating in 1947 after the United Nations had accepted the idea of partitioning Palestine  
Photograph: Reuters

## Europe's fruitless search for peace

BEIRUT — Poor Robin Cook. Abused as an anti-Semite by a Jewish demonstrator at the illegal Jewish settlement at Har Homa - in Arabic, Jebel abu Ghoneim - he claimed that the slur hurt. Apparently unaware that anyone who questions Israel's policies towards the Arabs will be slandered as a racist, he took it personally. At least President Chirac understood its real meaning when he endured a similar barrage during a visit to Israel in 1996. Any European leader who contradicts the Israeli government should expect the same treatment.

Europe's policy towards the Middle East is both eminently reasonable and invariably rejected. Long before the Americans accepted Yasser Arafat's transformation from "super-terrorist" to super-statesman, the Europeans were talking to the PLO. It is said Britain's ambassador to Tunis was helping Arafat to draft his speeches between 1983 and 1992. After all, it was the Venice declaration of 1980 which stated that the PLO should be "associated" with peace negotiations.

Four years later, European foreign ministers supported "the right of the Palestinian people to self-determination, with all that this implies." In 1987 EC declarations deplored Israel's "repressive measures... which are in violation of international law and human rights." Long before the Oslo agreement Europe had been seeking a just peace in the Middle East. But once Oslo had been signed - worthless signatures, it now appears - Europe's impotence was made apparent.

The EU could finance the new Middle East peace, the US said, but could have no voice in it. They could pay - but would not be allowed to talk. And so, lulled by the self-indulgence of the Norwegians who brokered a treaty without international guarantees, we went along with this arrangement. And when ever a European minister suggested mildly that America was no longer an unbiased peace broker, that Washington was refusing to force the Israelis to comply with the peace, he or she was told to shut up.

For the problem is that Europe does not have the courage

to formulate a common foreign policy - and thus has no common policy on the Middle East. In frustration, the Arabs now call on the Europeans to save them; and they forget that it was European powers who betrayed their demand for independence after the 1914-18 war. In their anger, the Israelis ask the Europeans what right they have to intervene; and they remember that the slaughter of 6 million Jews in the Nazi Holocaust was a uniquely European crime.

So what role can Europe have? Little at present, it seems. Ex-foreign secretary Malcolm Rifkind, presumably forgetting his own lamentable Middle East performance, has criticised Mr Cook for shaking hands with a Palestinian at Har Homa. For daring to shake hands with an occupant of the occupied lands Mr Cook has been turned down as a dinner guest in London by at least one Jewish group. Similar remarks were made by French Jews when France allowed Mr Arafat to address the European Parliament in Strasbourg a decade ago. The French government responded that their citizens must be mature if they wished to act on the world stage and host the EU parliament.

But maturity is not the hallmark of EU member-states. Their attempt to bring peace to Algeria has been pathetic. Their ability to calm tempers between Greece and Muslim Turkey has been equally abject. True, they see the explosion coming in the Middle East, and have good reason to be fearful. The Muslim and Jewish worlds will for ever be our territorial neighbours and they will never be neighbours of the US, however much power the latter has in the Middle East.

Maybe the EU should make its financial generosity contingent on political involvement in the region's future. But this would be a tough policy for a continent so weak it needs Washington to help sort out its squabbles in Ireland and Bosnia. So when it comes to Europe 50 years after Israel's creation, don't hold your breath.

Robert Fisk

# Arafat's battle with Hamas pushes Palestinians to war

By Patrick Cockburn  
in Jerusalem

ARE THE Islamic militant organisation Hamas and Yasser Arafat's Palestinian Authority on the verge of the end of savage feud now convulsing Algeria and Egypt? The symptoms are there: Denunciations of the Palestinian security forces as stooges of Israel by Hamas; arrests of Islamic militants; fear on the part of Mr Arafat that Hamas is undermining his authority.

It started with the strange death of Muhyideen al-Sharif.

The mutilated body of the Hamas bomb-maker - high on Israel's wanted list - was found two weeks ago after an explosion in a Hamas arsenal in Ramallah, north of Jerusalem.

It soon emerged he had been murdered and the bomb was part of an unsuccessful cover-up.

Hamas claims Sharif died at the hands of Israeli agents, possibly working with Palestinian security. The Palestinian Authority says he died at the hands of Imad Awadallah, another Hamas leader, in a row over \$800,000 (£500,000) trans-

ferred to the Izzedin al-Qassem brigades, the military wing of Hamas. It says it has the 9mm pistol used to kill him and has discovered the apartment where he died. It even has an alleged signed confession by a participant.

Mr Arafat is eager to prove it was Hamas, not Israel, which killed Sharif because he does not want to see his strategy of trying to woo the US and the Europeans ruined by another Hamas suicide-bombing campaign. This would give Benjamin Netanyahu, the Israeli Prime Minister, the excuse to

suspend talks on partial Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank.

For this reason he has arrested 60 Hamas activists, though Hamas say the real figure is 300. Palestinian journalists who have interviewed Hamas members have been called in for questioning. It is the most serious confrontation between the Palestinian Authority and Hamas, the only effective Palestinian opposition, since Mr Arafat's police opened fire on an Islamic demonstration in Gaza in 1994, killing a dozen people.

Mr Arafat is probably denying Hamas as an organisation. But the expertise, equipment and personnel needed for a suicide-bomb attack are limited. No doubt secret Hamas cells still exist in the West Bank which could carry one out. But the Palestinian leader also wants to convince the Palestinian public, who must bear the brunt of Israeli retaliation in the event of an attack, that Sharif died in an internal wrangle. There is strong but not overwhelming evidence for this. The Palestinian Authority relies for its circumstantial story

on Ghassan Adassi, who signed a statement describing what happened. But the Hamas internet carries a letter from Mr Adassi saying his confession was extracted by torture.

"They beat me harshly and prevented me for sleeping for three continuous days," writes Mr Adassi. "They hung me by my hands from the ceiling of my cell. They compelled me to sign by force." This is all too likely to be true, since Palestinian Preventive Security routinely uses torture.

Conversely, the fact that Mr Adassi was tortured and his

confession is untrue does not mean the details of how Sharif died, as revealed by the official investigation, are not true. In the apartment discovered in Ramallah the investigators say they have discovered traces of the explosives used to blow him up. They have also found fragments of food similar to that found in his stomach during the autopsy.

Jibril Rajoub, head of Preventive Security, denies Mr Adassi was mistreated, saying: "If he was strong enough to type this letter, I don't see how he was tortured."



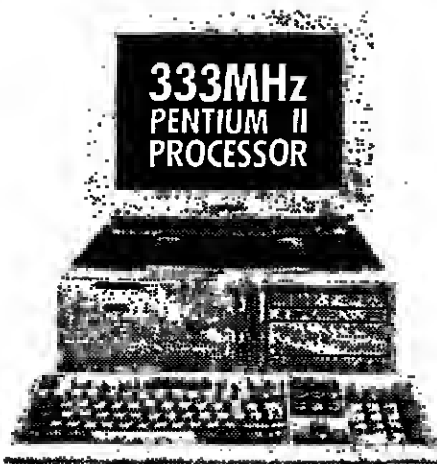
Arafat: Desperate to stop the suicide bombers

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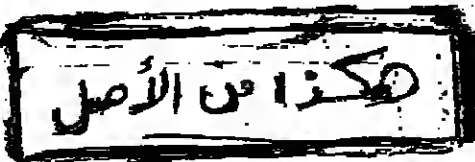
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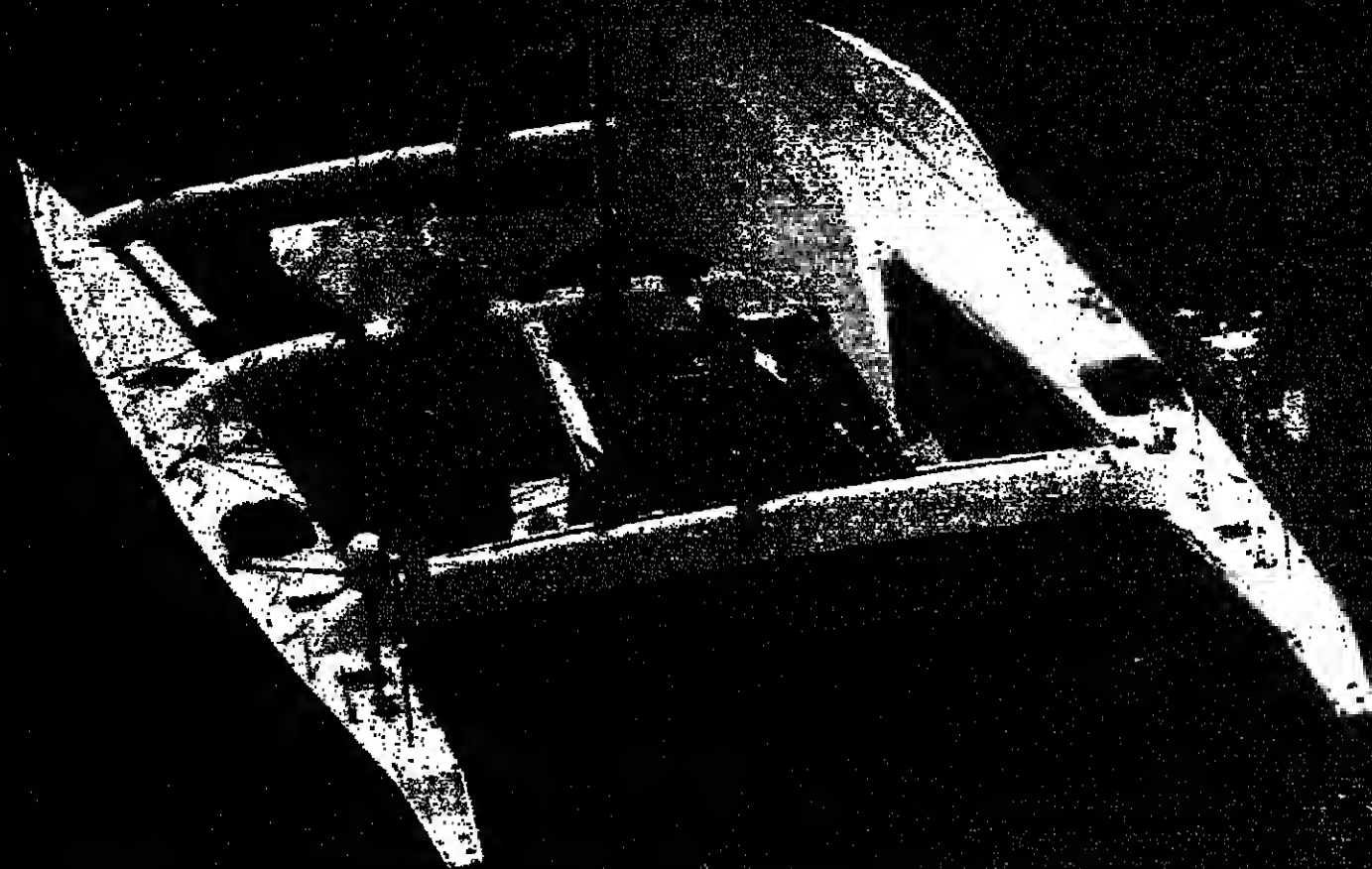
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On that rugged coastline, there was little chance they could make a safe landing.

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# Michelangelo's quarry faces a ruinous future

By Anne Hanley  
in Rome

THE TOWERING white cliffs which dominate the town of Carrara still echo with the sharp whine of quarrying equipment, but many of the men who carve the world's most sought-after marble from the Tuscan hills may soon be forced to abandon their ancient craft.

IMEG, Carrara's largest cutter and distributor of the marble favoured by Michelangelo, is in the hands of a receiver who is working to keep the company alive. "We don't even want to think about the effects of a definitive closure: it would be devastating for the whole area," said Maria Taddei at the Tuscan regional council. "When marble falls, it hurts. If this company goes under, a whole centuries-old system collapses."

That "system" has ensured Carrara's dazzling but over-abundant marble remains a costly luxury. Since the days of Michelangelo, co-operatives have hewn the stone from the hills above Carrara. The blocks are passed to craftsmen who cut them into usable slabs and set international standards for marble working, and then to companies which regulate the flow of stone. While hammers and chisels have given way to machines, and the market has shifted from Europe to up-and-coming countries of the Middle and Far East, the system has remained firmly in place.

"Without the system, there would be no checks and balances, nothing to keep the price from plunging," said Ms Taddei. Until it was declared bankrupt

this week, IMEG dominated the system. Without IMEG, the Carrara marble industry may implode. "The system is vital, and IMEG is vital to the system," said a Carrara councillor. Ildo Fusani, who put the company's woes down to "incomprehension and lack of communication" between former owners, the local Petacchi family and an Israeli businessman, David Fisher.

Attempts by Mr Fisher to



David's head from a block of Carrara marble

streamline operations by closing peripheral plants and laying off workers did little to improve the atmosphere. When a fire devastated IMEG headquarters, locals put it down to arson. But Carrara's town council is determined to keep the company alive, said Mr Fusani.

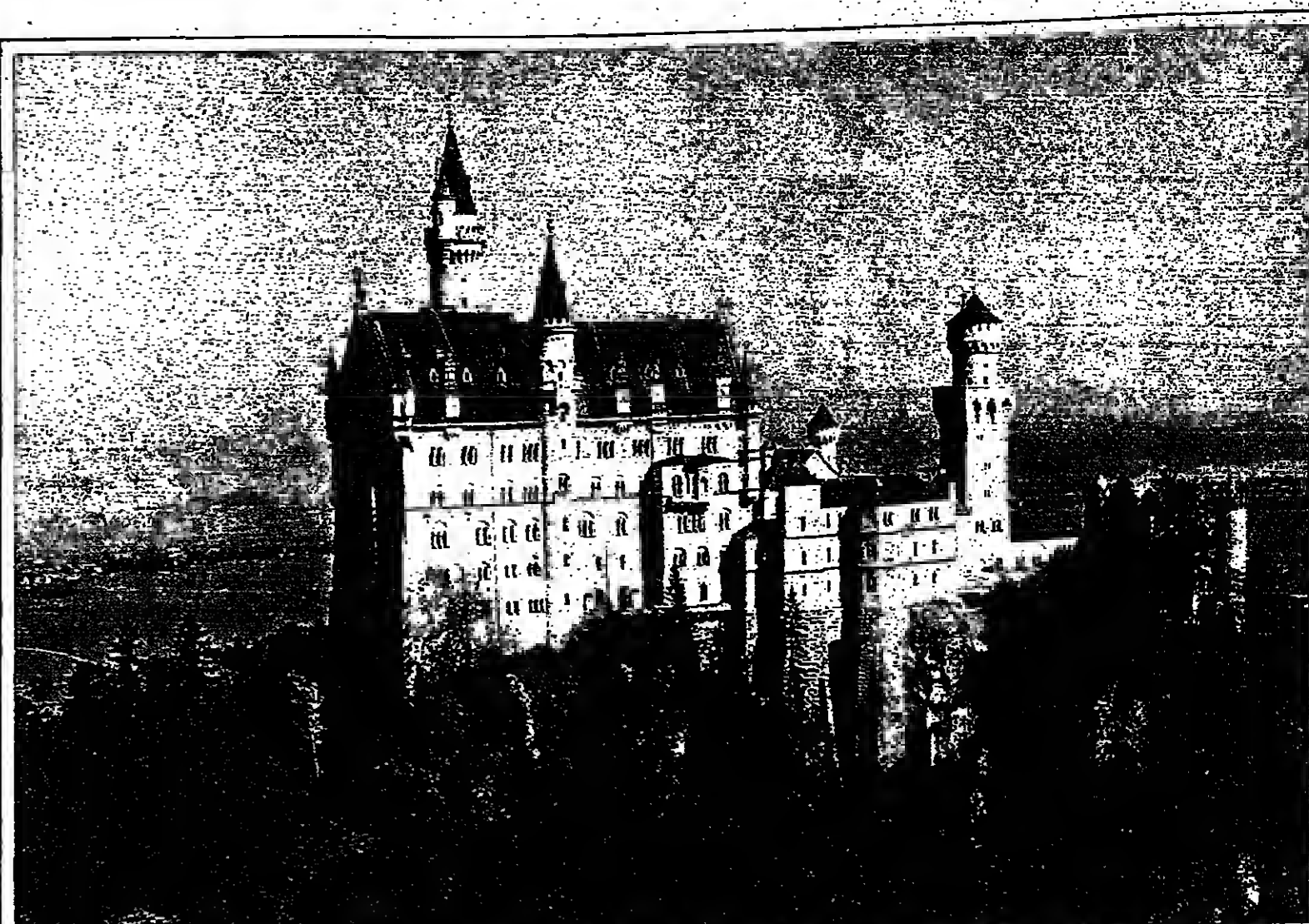
Purchasers are being sought in Italy and abroad. IMEG employees are being urged to consider a buy-out, and local business figures are studying the

possibility of a concerted takeover. "But it's such an unwieldy company it's not going to be easy to sell it," said the owner of small marble concern, Mr Fusani said. "The three stages of the marble industry have to be kept together. This isn't protectionism, this is common sense. It's the only way Carrara can work."

For Carrara, keeping the marble sector going is vital: half the 3.6 trillion lire (£1.2bn) of stone exported by Italy in 1996 was Carrara marble. Moreover, the industry and its associated services are the biggest local employers. "If a company like IMEG dies, a part of the town dies," said the quarry owner. "Everyone pays the truck drivers, the suppliers, even the cleaning contractors." Yet there are those who have been expecting a crisis in Carrara's marble industry for some time.

The British sculptor Matthew Spender, a Tuscan resident, says a crisis has been inevitable since the emphasis in Carrara shifted too far towards profit and away from the marble and its artistic potential, the factor which made the area's stone world-famous. "Marble has stopped being a craft and has become an industry," said Spender, who readily admits to "picking up bits and pieces from the quarries whenever I need them."

"The people involved no longer see the stone as a material which may contain the most beautiful thing on earth. All they are interested in is eating up the mountain and making money out of it," he said. "That's not what Carrara is about."



Trouble in Fairyland: King Ludwig's Schloss Neuschwanstein, his most famous castle and the focus of a heated row over hotel development

## Prince besieged at Ludwig's castle

By Imre Karacs  
in Bonn

THE most famous of Mad King Ludwig's fabled castles in Bavaria is at the centre of a dispute that pits a great aristocratic family against local farmers and conservationists.

Schloss Neuschwanstein, the jewel in the crown of the "Fairyland King", is alleged to be under threat from a prince residing in a rival - if somewhat less splendid - palace near by. At the foot of the cliff upon which Bavaria's number one tourist attraction is perched, Prince Max Emanuel von

Thurn und Taxis wants to build a hotel.

Not an unreasonable proposition for a village that receives more than a million visitors every year, argue many people. The T&T concern already runs a "sport and seminar" centre, offering para-gliding, river-rafting, mountain-hiking and a round or two of golf. But now the Prince wants to extend his little golf course and erect a 5-star hotel on his own land, within view of Neuschwanstein. "We need a good hotel here, because the ones that exist in the village are aimed merely at tourists,"

he says. The venture would tap a new market, attracting rich customers who wish to combine business and pleasure.

The trouble is, opponents retort, his "monster hotel" would destroy the scenery that draws tourists to the village of Schwangau in the first place. A leading conservationist has agreed to shrink the hotel complex to an "onslaught on the fairy-tale world of King Ludwig".

Bavarians are too respectful to say the word "mad" of the sovereign who bankrolled Wagner, commissioned a string of architectural follies and drowned himself in a lake in

1886. To besmirch his legacy, as the Prince is alleged to have done, is still tantamount to high treason.

Prince Max is trying desperately to clear his blackened reputation. He is resigned to erecting the "Golf Academy" on the existing golf course. More importantly, he has agreed to shrink the hotel complex. From the initial 150 rooms, he cut out 25 and resubmitted the plans to the village council. Yet at last month's council meeting, the plans were thrown out again. "We fight on," the Prince vows. He now proposes to run another 25

rooms out of the blueprint in an attempt to placate his opponents. But that may not do the trick, either, because the row is no longer just about golf.

The loudest protest is coming from the farmer whose land borders the princely dominions. The neighbour is untroubled by the altered view of Ludwig's castle; he is worried about the noise. To be precise, he fears that hotel guests will be so put out by the clanking of cobsells - the farmer's - that they will all come complaining to him. And the last thing a Bavarian farmer wants on his doorstep is whingeing tourists.

## No sign of German efficiency when the tap starts dripping

BONN  
DIARY



Imre Karacs

AFTER nearly half a year of waiting, we finally have cold as well as hot water in our bathroom. There are probably thousands of unemployed plumbers out there, but finding one that is willing to fix your tap in a hurry proved nearly impossible.

The few that work are sheltered from competition by a myriad of regulations, and are therefore free to toy with the customer, charge enormous rates and be as rude as they

please. With this in mind, I am happy to relate the experience of a senior government figure, who recently tried to summon a plumber.

"Cash in hand or on account?" the master inquired. The official tried to explain that the government was not about to sanction tax fraud. "Fine," the craftsman replied. "For those jobs, there is a three-month waiting list." Guess which method of payment the state chose.

ONE advantage of living in a village of a capital is our proximity to Mother Nature. Instead of domesticated pigs charging through gardens, which I gather is the closest Londoners get to the wilderness, we get deer. We hear them rustling outside our window at night, and at daytime can see their tell-tale footprints in the mud.

The best places from which to observe the hairy beasts are the lookout posts which dot the

Kottenforst, the woods surrounding Bonn. But lately these rickety towers have been vanishing. Although they are on public land, they are owned by people who lease hunting plots from the council. Every so often, the leases are put up for auction, and if there is a new owner, he is usually expected to strike a deal with his predecessor and agree an equitable price. This time, the German genius for compromise seems to have eluded the two hunters, so

the previous owner took out his chainsaw and chopped his worthless towers down. Suddenly, the life expectancy of wild boar has shot up.

Leud Bonn is scandalised by scurrilous reports that the town's most famous son, Ludwig van Beethoven, may have died from the booze. Hot on the heels of a discredited book alleging that Goethe was gay, come revelations that Beethoven's list of well-known ailments had stemmed from the bottle.

The composer was not entirely at fault, it has to be said. Rather than the alcohol, it was the lead-based additives which caused his rapid decline, including the deafness and foul mood which afflicted him in the latter stages of his life. Nevertheless, the implication is that, had Ludwig gone a bit easier on the sauce, he might have been able to extend his symphonic



Beethoven: Liked a drop

"We do not invest in the Euro - Do you?" Adverts with this kind of eye-catching slogans have been proliferating lately in the press, urging Germans to raid their piggy-banks before Brussels does.

So where should they hide the million or three they have been stashing away, pfeffing pfeffing, over the years? A quick trawl through the classifieds nets some exotic solutions: Sink it into cargo ships, suggests one company. Buy US high-tech shares, implores another. (Motto: "The euro comes - the dollar stays").

A company based in Austria is trying to dazzle euro-refugees with "diamond shares", while a Swiss firm is promising good prospects in West African gold mines. But for the truly adventurous, nothing beats the lure of an "off-shore firm", operating from an address on Finchley Road, north London.

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# Deadly red tide slaughters fish in Hong Kong

By Stephen Vines  
in Hong Kong

IT LOOKS like a biblical plague. The waters around Hong Kong have succumbed to a scourge known as the red tide, which is gobbling up marine life. This lethal build-up of toxic microscopic organisms has happened before but never with the vengeance with which it has hit Hong Kong in recent weeks. Sham Chun-hung, assistant director of agriculture and fisheries, said yesterday that it had wiped out 150,000 tons of fish, half of Hong Kong's fish stock, in just four weeks. It is still spreading fast.

The red tide gets its name from the tinge that colours the sea when it is filled with algae carrying toxic substances. When these are released into the water the fish suffocate. Humans entering the affected water suffer from skin irritations, vomiting, diarrhoea and, in extreme cases, paralysis.

Mr Sham graphically described the speed with which the red tide moves: "Within a couple of hours it multiplies to a level that the fish cannot tolerate and they are wiped out." The waters around Hong Kong are filled with the inert bodies of dead fish floating on the surface

surrounded by a blood-coloured murky mess.

The authorities are not sure why this year's red tide is so much worse than previously, when it came and went much more quickly. One theory is that Hong Kong has fallen victim to climatic changes induced by the phenomenon El Niño, which have been warming the oceans and causing droughts elsewhere in Asia.

The environmental group Friends of the Earth in Hong Kong is convinced that the problem has been worsened by the illegal discharge of industrial waste into the sea by heavy industries in southern China.

Meanwhile, Hong Kong island beaches, which are usually filled to capacity over the holiday weekend, were dominated by red flags warning people not to enter the water. The warning was widely heeded, although some swimmers seemed oblivious to the risk.

Although the algae which kills fish and affects humans is clearly toxic, the government has told Hong Kong residents that it is safe to eat the dead fish. Government experts maintain the algae affects the fishes' respiratory system, but will not harm humans eating the carcasses. This view is challenged

by those who believe that the poison enters into other parts of the body.

"I won't say it's under control but I would say the situation has stabilised," said Mr Sham, who now faces the problem of dealing with a mountain of compensation claims from fish farmers.

Nature has not been kind to Hong Kong since China resumed sovereignty over the territory last July. First, it was hit by unprecedented torrential rains; then there was the outbreak of bird flu, which led to the slaughter of all the territory's chickens. Now fish, the other staple item of the Cantonese diet, is under threat, too.



Poisoned waters: Hong Kong fish farmer Cheng Chi-ming yesterday counting his losses from the 'red tide' at Lamna Island

Photograph: Reuters

## Moscow mayor whips up a storm as wrong weather hits town

By Phil Reeves  
in Moscow

THE MAYOR of Moscow, Yuri Luzhkov, has long been accused by his critics of striving to run a city state, isolated from the rest of Russia. Now he may go one step further: fed up with unexpectedly filthy weather, he wants his own forecasting service.

An angry Mr Luzhkov has threatened to sever all ties with Russia's national weather service after it failed to give any warning of the past two days of terrible weather, which have hurried the capital under at least eight inches of snow.

Such matters are taken seriously by the mayor, not least because the city has to fork out large sums of money on emergency teams of sweepers, salters and ice removers. He made no secret of his annoyance when the national forecasters, who predicted temperatures of 9C to 11C, turned out to be spectacularly

wrong. It was "a deception", said the mayor's spokesman. Such "disinformation" has happened all too often this winter, and "bad forecasting has cost Moscow a great deal of money". The capital, he said, was contemplating starting its own weather service.

Nor was Mr Luzhkov, who is famously outspoken, alone in his outrage. The national weather service, yesterday found itself fielding call after call from indignant Muscovites. A hapless weather-service official was wheeled on to a prime-time television programme wryly entitled "Hero of the Day".

The weather has special resonance for Muscovites, not least because it has done much to secure the capital's survival. The Russian winter helped to destroy Napoleon's invading army and kept Hitler at bay.

Last September, Mr Luzhkov tried to take personal control of it, dispatching aircraft into the skies to seed the clouds with iodine pellets to prevent them raining on Moscow's lavish 850th anniversary celebrations. Success was limited: on the final day of the jamboree, the heavens opened.

But not all Mr Luzhkov's subjects will share his irritation. Tonight, Spartak Moscow is to play the second leg of a Uefa cup match against Inter Milan. Russians often complain that they cannot achieve much in spring because the change of season affects their biorhythms. Today's conditions should suit the fans just fine.



Yuri Luzhkov: Incensed by weather forecast 'deception'

## Mine flooding kills 56

FIFTY-SIX people were killed in a tanzanite mine disaster in northern Tanzania after flash floods. The disaster occurred near the northern farming town of Arusha. Workers were trapped as deep as 1,000 feet after the floods caused 14 pits to collapse. Tanzanite is a semi-precious stone unique to Tanzania and is mined using relatively primitive methods, often without safety equipment.

— Reuters, Nairobi

## Caramanlis ailing

THE former president Constantine Caramanlis, Greece's most revered elder statesman, was unable to breathe without mechanical assistance, denting hopes that he could regain his health. Mr Caramanlis, 91, was placed on a respirator yesterday after suffering a heart attack. He has been in failing health since retiring in 1995 after his second term as president, ending a 60-year political career that included a record six terms as prime minister.

— AP Athens

## Clinton tells Latvia to talk

BILL CLINTON has written to President Guntis Ulmanis of Latvia, urging dialogue in Latvia's dispute with Moscow over the rights of Russian-speaking residents. Russia has launched a campaign against Latvia's policy on its Russian minority, cutting off shipments to its neighbour. Most of the 700,000 Russian-speakers do not have Latvian citizenship.

— Reuters, Riga

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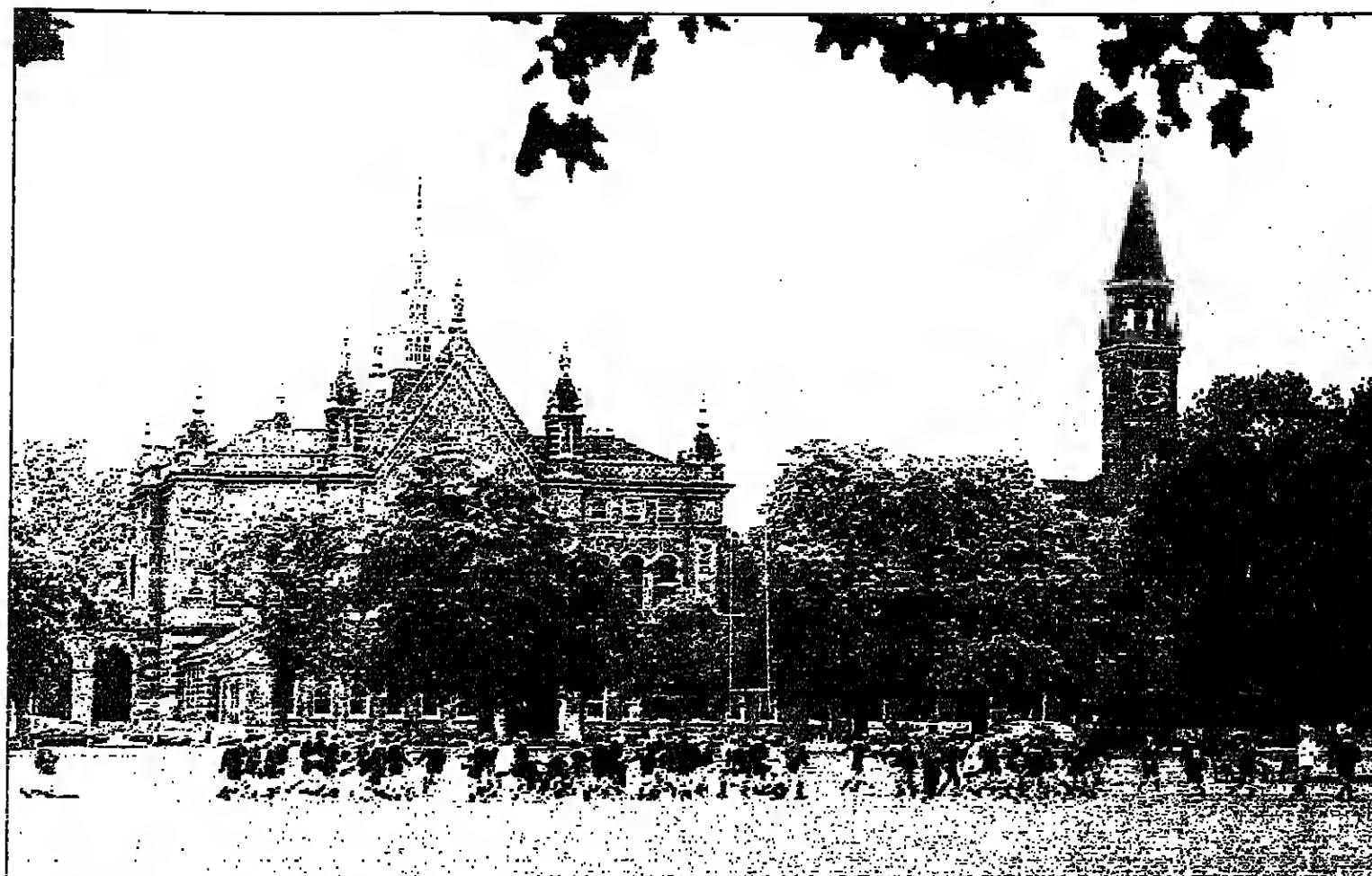
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Sporting life: Rugby at Dulwich College. Traditional British sports will be on the curriculum for Far-eastern pupils

Photograph: Bill Rowntree

# Britain's old school ties head East

Education is becoming a multi-million pound service industry, with some of our most famous public schools exporting their prestigious names to Asia. Ben Russell reports

A NEW crop of pupils will arrive for their first day at Harrow this month, donning the straw boaters and dark blue and grey uniforms which have been worn by Harrovians for generations. The youngsters will receive the traditional English public school upbringing and education, which have been part of Harrow's history since it was

founded by Royal Charter in 1572.

Little will have changed since the school days of famous old boys like Winston Churchill, the Duke of Westminster and Pandit Nehru, the first prime minister of India, all raised on classics, rugby and cricket.

But rather than beginning their school careers strolling across 360 acres of chilly north London parkland, these latest recruits will embark on their education in the wet heat of a Thai spring.

Around 130 pupils are expected at the first classes of the new Harrow International School in Bangkok, to receive intensive tuition in English ready for the beginning of the school year proper in September.

Eventually the school hopes to attract 1,800 youngsters from across the Far East, who will doff their boaters to the decks at a purpose-built site outside the Thai capital, designed to be a little oasis of old England.

Michael Liddiard worked at Harrow for 18 years before moving to found the international school. "The aim," he says, "will be to take a child at any time during his or her schooling and swap them with a child at Harrow without them being able to tell the difference."

The school will have an English head and staff, and will teach the full range of GCSEs and 25 A-levels currently enjoyed by Harrovians at home. Pupils will not be spared the compulsory Latin, but there will be additions. Girls will be welcome (the original Harrow is all-male) and the new school will also break with the original's tradition of boarding by offering places to day pupils.

The new school is just part of the multi-million pound industry which has grown up to capitalise on the academic reputation and social standing of Britain's public schools and universities. Until recently, that meant thousands of school and university students would come to Britain for their education, but Harrow's Far Eastern branch is part of a trend towards exporting our expertise to other countries.

The new Harrow school aims to draw in children from across the Far East - the sons and daughters of expat diplomats and businessmen, as well as locals. The proportion of Thai youngsters will be kept to 30 per cent, partly to satisfy local legislation and partly to ensure that English is used outside lessons as well as in class.

"The ethos, discipline and the Harrow education will be the same," Mr Liddiard said. "In the senior school the children will wear boaters and the uniform will be like the summer dress at Harrow."

"We are going to play cricket and rugby. We will have an all-purpose sports ground with football and rugby pitches. "People are looking for an old-fashioned schooling which provides their children with the impetus both to learn and to take part in learning. Local schools have 50 or 60 to a class and teaching is by rote. We will be providing classes with a maximum of 25 and children will be encouraged to take a full part in their education."

Fees will run to £3,750 a year, about one third of the cost of a place at Harrow in England. Staff say the collapse of Asian currencies may have helped the school's prospects, by inflating the cost of sending children to England.

As many as 20,000 foreign

children board at private schools in Britain, and demand is growing. One in five comes from Hong Kong and the Far East, but substantial numbers hail from mainland Europe and North America. ISIS, the Independent Schools Information Service, estimates that three-quarters of the foreign children at independent schools end up at UK universities.

It's a valuable trade: universities say that the 154,000 full time foreign students - 17 per cent of the total - bring in £575m a year in fees, and spend £756m a year while they are here.

Head teachers put their schools' popularity down to educational standards, and the desire to learn the international language of business. Privately they admit that public schools have become chic among the moneyed international classes.

Harrow is joining a minor invasion of the Far East by the public school fraternity. Dulwich College, which schooled PG Wodehouse and Raymond Chandler, opened a school on the Thai island of Phuket last year. The buildings, a Thai interpretation of Dulwich's Victorian premises in South London, are designed to evoke the English public school atmosphere.

Graham Able, master of the original Dulwich, said: "There is a perceived quality in English education, both at secondary and tertiary level, and certainly some

The spirit of the stiff upper lip will live on at the air-conditioned new Harrow

people would rather go English than American."

Dulwich, founded in 1619, has employed business tactics pioneered in the world of the burger bar and set up the International College as a franchise, using the London school's curriculum and name.

Franchising has become something of a dirty word in education after a series of high-profile scandals involving university courses licensed overseas. Mr Able admits that such ventures are a risk for an ancient institution, and has taken responsibility for checking his colleagues in Asia once a year during a personal visit to the new school.

At Pocklington School in Yorkshire, staff have opened up a foundation course for foreign students in collaboration with Hull University. Given the praise heaped on education abroad, it is perhaps surprising that the greatest growth is in students from France and Germany. Head teacher David Grey believes he that it is the breadth of our education which has great appeal. "It prepares children to be independent and go out into the world with a head on their shoulders. But I do think there's a certain social cachet about it."

The spirit of the stiff upper lip will certainly live on at the new air-conditioned Harrow, which will transplant the team sports of rugby and Harrow Football, an ancient game said to be suited to the Middlesex clay, to the heat. Michael Liddiard said: "It does get fairly hot here, but during the rainy season it's almost as muddy as it is in England."

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# The writer of wrongs

There is no hiding place for the rich and privileged when Dominick Dunne turns his pen on them. Susan Chenery met him

DOMINICK DUNNE was a failure once. Here in this town. Down and out in Beverly Hills. Weaving around drunk and stoned, his wife gone in disgust, the phone shattering silent. Failed films, substance abuse, the full self-destruct. "After 28 years as a TV executive and studio executive I had a failed marriage I couldn't let go of and a career that had let go of me. I was out of work for several years. I was desperate and broke. I couldn't pay the rent. I was desperate in every way. Hollywood's a very cruel place for a failure to be, I had become known as a failure. They will forgive us our lies, forgeries, cheating, even your murders on occasion. But they will never forgive you for failing." Humiliation after humiliation. At the end there was only one option. He had to get out of town. Fast.

When he came back it was in another incarnation. And when he came back, he came back with a vengeance. His new career would be shaped by the sadness of loss, fuelled by the steepness of his social fall and rise, coloured by all the experiences of his life and driven, finally, by the desire to put things right. When you emerge from your own private hell you are forever changed.

With nowhere to turn, Dominick Dunne drove distractedly into the Oregon mountains and checked into a guest house, suicidal, everything that mattered gone. Thinking his life was over, he instead went deep into himself and began to heal. "I lived on cans of hash because I didn't have much money. I quit drinking and I quit smoking grass. In the loneliness I found that all the bull of Hollywood was bull that I had filled myself with." And he began to write. The perfect occupation for the troubled, broke and alone. But, even so, for Dominick Dunne the pure crusading motivation was still to come. The impelling sorrow that would elevate him from good to great in his late-life career.

On a shelf in his hotel suite is a black-and-white photograph, faded and yellowing, of a young woman. Her thick dark hair swirls around her shoulders, her face is pale and fine, her dark eyes wide, lips slightly parted; she looks out of the frame with untrammelled innocent curiosity. Her killer strangled his daughter for five-and-a-half minutes then left her to die. Her father will never get over her death. "I loved her," he says simply. "I think about her every day." Everything he does, everything he writes is atonement for the wrongful death of Dominick Dunne, actress. She had just completed her first feature film, *Pollux*. Filled with promise and choked to death at 22. Her killer got two and a half years. Her father got life. It is his sorrow. To the core. And his anger. Helpless, impotent, towering. May she rest in peace because her father never will.

"It absolutely changed my life. It is impossible to say in words what it did to my life. It made me a totally different kind of person. It was time to get serious. Her's was the first trial I had ever gone to and I began to understand this thing: that the rights of the killer on trial exceed the rights of the victim. The victims are forgotten. My ex-wife is a helpless invalid with multiple sclerosis. The defence even tried to stop her appearing in court in her wheelchair because she would arouse sympathy. When the killer got out of jail I hired a private investigator to follow him. I don't know what I was looking for or what I was going to do. I wanted to kill him. I was like a crazy person. I was obsessed with revenge. Finally I realised I couldn't go on like that. I had to put that rage into a positive thing." Now, like a man possessed, he writes for his life and for hers.

Her photograph stands there as a reminder, perhaps, a touchstone for what became his life's work. That fading face giving him the strength to persist. "I feel she protects me and has helped me. I ask for her help sometimes." The glass has cracked,



Catalyst: Dominick Dunne sat through the trial of his daughter's killer and saw him jailed for two-and-a-half years

jagged across her beautiful, porcelain face, seeming to poignantly symbolise the circumstances of her death and its aftermath. Her life was taken so callously by her former boyfriend, a chef with a history of violence towards women, who sweet-talked the jury and pretended to read the Bible through the trial. "He is not in love with me, Dad," Dominick had told her father, "he is obsessed with me."

No wonder her father went after OJ Simpson. A history of obsession and violence towards his slaughtered wife. The OJ case, too, had everything. Money, power, celebrity. A mansion, of course. And finally it had something else. Something against which Dominick Dunne constantly rails in his relentless crusade. The ineluctable fact that the rich in America can get away with murder. Literally. And often do. Everybody has their price. This makes Dominick Dunne really, really mad.

All his best-selling books are morality tales around this theme. He may be tiny and tubby and grey and speak in a slightly quavering voice, but he is fearless and forceful: the rich and powerful defendants' dogged worst nightmare. The conscience that they lack.

He follows their trials with morbid forensic fascination. Sits through moths and months of quotidian legal argument, sifting through the evidence to make his own case, writing neatly in his little notebook. "When you have a million bucks to spend on your defence attorney you will win. If you can afford a high-priced defence attorney with a huge staff and huge resources you will win. If you have money you can get justice. There is a genuflection to money and fame."

There is something utterly correct about Dominick Dunne. In the cut of his navy jacket. In his old-fashioned morality and integrity. In his work, where he never puts a word wrong. When he chronicles the casual, brutal carelessness of high so-

ciety, he is writing about curved marble staircases, of country clubs and summers of sailing and tennis, of magnificent rooms with fine paintings, shot silk and high ceilings through which he has walked all his life. He moves through fashionable society. He knows those perfectly proportioned rooms. He knows the smooth athletic arrogance of its youth. He knows how efficiently they can close ranks and cover up unfortunate slips of conduct, regrettable peccadilloes, profligate, messy lives.

Beyond the endless, glittering parties of mere movie money, it is a world of pow-

erfully and perhaps, abruptly cut his mistress out of his will. But Vicki Morgan did not go quietly. She was a desperate and therefore inconvenient woman. The ensuing scandal, my dear, was mortifying, the sniggering, the humiliation, the newspapers; just too, too awful. So common. Especially for such close personal and pretentious friends and advisors of the Kennedys, who were then comically resident in the White House.

Vicki Morgan was later bludgeoned to death, and her male porn star friend found guilty. In *An Inconvenient Woman*,

**'When you have a million bucks to spend on your defence you will win. If you have money you can get justice. There is a genuflection to money and fame'**

er and beauty for whom publicity and scandal are too vulgar to even contemplate.

"My father used to describe them as the kind of people who can keep things out of newspapers," explains the Los Angeles old money heiress, Camilla, in *An Inconvenient Woman*. "There are about two or three hundred of us who dine together in various combinations, and we rarely widen the circle, and you rarely read about us in the newspapers... we never mix with the movie crowd, and only sometimes with the people from Pasadena, except for civic evenings or certain charities." This was the glowing world of Pamela Harriman, Babe Paley and Betsy Bloomingdale, who ran grand houses and staggeringly rich and powerful husbands with equal élan.

When Alfred Bloomingdale died on the job, so to speak, his socialite wife Betsy,

Dunne makes it clear that he believes the porno star is innocent: Flo got in the way of a rich woman, connected at the highest levels. Broke and frightened, she threatened to expose all in a book. You don't do that and get away with it. No siree. You do not forget your place with people like these. Not when the billionaire lover had questionable colleagues with secrets to keep. Too much, far too much, to lose. The waitress had to go. Simple.

Dominick Dunne speaks in the same clear and measured way in which he writes. Attention to detail. "I come from a rich Irish Catholic family. I come from Connecticut, my father was a surgeon. We were not rich like the Kennedys. We were lower class Kennedys. But I went to the same kind of schools as they did. I have always known them. Jackie and my wife

went to this young ladies' school. Jackie was a year ahead of my wife-and-Lee was a year below. She knew Jackie. I met Jackie but I didn't really know her. I wrote a tribute about her when she died. I went to Bobby and Ethel's wedding. And when I was young and married and lived in Hollywood and Santa Monica, our great friends were Peter and Patricia Lawford, who had been Patricia Kennedy. We were two houses away from the beach in Santa Monica and Jack Kennedy would come in his helicopter and come for lunch when he was President. I mean it was a very glitzy glam time."

The Kennedys don't speak to him any more. Not since he covered the William Kennedy Smith rape trial. And then, as if that wasn't enough, *A Season in Purgatory*, a damning composite of the Kennedys and a novelistic indictment of their assumption of impunity.

For they are, after all, the model for everything he came to despise. He sees straight through the blinding charisma, always has. "I always thought they were great, the Kennedys. But after Chappaquiddick something happened to them. I just found that one of the most revolting episodes in our history. And then one thing after another happened. The Kennedys don't like me, no."

In *Vanity Fair* he wrote of the Smith rape trial: "The verdict, not guilty, was a disappointment to some, a cause for delirium to others, but a surprise to no one." Certainly not to Dominick Dunne. A Kennedy in jail? Unthinkable.

"It was so strange in Palm Beach after the trial. The Kennedy sisters were like dowager archduchesses of a royal house, believing in the divine right of kings, or Kennedys. They knew how to play it. The court was like a church. I was on one side of the aisle and they were on the other. I knew them all and we never spoke. But I think the William Kennedy Smith trial was shaming for them all. Whether he got ac-

quitted or not. It was a shameful episode of public tawdriness. I think it is a wonderful thing the way they all stick together when one of them is in trouble. They all arrive, the whole parade of the family was utterly fascinating. But somebody told me that they would stick by him through thick and thin, but after it was all over, when they were alone, they would have kicked the shit out of him."

The rape trial scandal may have been over for a Palm Beach not entirely unused to sex scandals and a titillated public but it would go on to star, thinly-disguised, in *A Season in Purgatory*. Well, you can't let the playful high spirits of golden youth get in the way of a commanding future, now can you? Not for a little thing like murder. The narrator is a writer, of course, doomed to live as an outsider, but who as a poor but bright schoolboy is shown largesse by a dazzlingly rich, glamorous and mesmerising large Irish Catholic family. Largesse for a price, that is. The price of silence. Harrison Burns is a bought and paid-for family retainer. The deal? His school fees are paid if he never speaks of the sex murder he has witnessed, committed by his beautiful, witty, charming friend, scion of the family.

"I really love *A Season in Purgatory*. That is the closest thing to me," Dunne confesses smiling, an oddly rare event.

He met Tina Brown, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, at a dinner party in New York just as he was about to go to Los Angeles for the trial of his daughter's murderer. "She commissioned a piece about it, she told me to keep a diary. It was the first article I ever wrote and it was her first issue. She is my dear friend. I came in with her from the first issue on. I work exclusively for *Vanity Fair* and have done for 12 years. It was the best place, it still is, I love it there."

*People Like Us*, my personal favourite, is a satirical exposé of New York society and the ascent and crashing descent of the ridiculous, self-conscious, vulgar and grasping nouveau riche on a collision course with jail, scandal and financial ruin. Published in 1988, it was a prescient parable to say the least. "It is absolutely about the Eighties. You know, I read what is absolutely my favourite novel by Anthony Trollope, called *The Way We Live Now*. It is one of the most fabulous books I have ever read. It is about the nouveau riche in London in 1860 and about a family that took over and how the old guard of everything got sucked into it because of the wealth and the kind of person they loathed but needed."

My God, I thought, that is New York now, today, that is it. And that is what gave me the impetus to do that. I moved in those circles. If you are a well-known person and people read your books and everything, they just invite you to all those things. So I went to all those billionaire things. I was fascinated. You know, I thought, "I can do this." So, of course, he betrayed them, as the writer must. "It got me into a lot of trouble. It was a very interesting learning experience. It scared me a bit at first and then I realised I don't care."

Because the writer, in the end, must be true to himself. Must find the truth and tell it. Cannot crave to be loved. Must be able to walk away.

Dominick Dunne moves uncomfortably in his chair. "I have walked a narrow line ever since I started to write." Because he is not a ghost at the feast. He is not like the rest of us journalists, glimpsing a world we can never inhabit, our noses pressed against the glass, to look but never touch. He is one of them.

In the end, though, he is essentially alone. A writer. Lurching alone at the Waldorf Astoria. Talking every day to his ex-wife and sons Griffin, an actor, and Alex, a writer. Writing, always writing.

Nearly 70, strong and vigorous, pondering the nature of evil. "I think there is a lot of evil around us, I truly do. I am not holding myself up as any bit of perfection because God knows I am not. I just believe in right and wrong. I truly do. It is getting all forgotten around us. Everything is corrupt everywhere. Ethics and morality seem to have gone out of our lives."

Susan Chenery will soon join the Independent on Sunday. This article is taken from her book *Talking Dirty*, published in Australia in 1997

## I believe I saw my mother's soul, an energy, leave her body

REVELATIONS: TANYA SARNE

The time: October 1976  
The place: Notting Hill, London  
The woman: Tanya Sarne – designer and creator of Ghost.

I ARRIVED back in London from Brazil with two small children; we were malnourished and had worms. I had no money, but I had my mum. I'd gone to Brazil to find my husband and discover whether I still had a marriage. It took me a while to track him down, but Michael convinced me that he was soon going to make his film. He was planning to come back every week to a village in the middle of nowhere and give me money to live. But he didn't! It was soon pretty conclusive

that my marriage was over, and I realised I was going to have support the children. However, I had terrible trouble returning to England because I'd had hepatitis and during my illness allowed myself to fall into a mass of red tape. Arriving back, I was at rock bottom, on social security because I was too embarrassed to tell my parents how poor we were. However, my mother was a great supporter and giver of strength. Being an only child we were so close that our relationship felt like sisters. I suppose I thought she was immortal. Most importantly, she looked after my three and six-year-old children, so I was able to work.

I was late that day picking up the children and my mother was cross because she was tired and didn't feel well. But it was still a complete surprise when at four the next morning I had a phone call from the police asking me to come to my parent's house. Something bad had happened to my mother. My heart went into my mouth, but they wouldn't tell me anything more over the phone. I couldn't breathe or function. I was a lump of quivering, petrified flesh. When I arrived my father was in a terrible state and I learnt that my mother had died of bronchial pneumonia. The memory is so painful, it is really difficult to remember the exact events. The police were



still there, so I went upstairs and lay alone on the bed with my mother for a long time – maybe even 24 hours. I actually believe I saw my mother's soul leave her body, an energy, something seemed to move. The only way I could relieve the pain was to drive my car, for

days on end, as fast as I could and scream as loud as I could. My daughter never got it out of her, she refused to come to the funeral.

Shortly after my mother's death, I had a little dog with me and somehow I felt that animal, Woody, had been sent by my mother to keep an eye on me. It took me a year to function, beyond cooking or washing up and putting the children to bed. When finally I could think straight I was cold-blooded. I knew I was unemployed and needed to start a business so I threw my energy into that.

Trying to find the positive side of losing her so young, at just 56, my mother's death crystallised my personality much quicker than if it had not happened. Before, I didn't think of myself as somebody

who was ambitious. I'd been chugging along, but this huge shot of electricity moved me that much quicker.

I had been very vulnerable and shy, contrary to what everybody thinks about me. I did things which even now shock me. I had some customers who refused to pay up, so I went into their offices and I took their equipment to the value of what they owed. I worked round the clock, staying up all night sewing damaged garments to deliver the next day. I think the manic working was my way of coping with the shock.

I frequently ask myself would I be able to do this business if my mother had not died? Before I might have started, but given up too easily, asking: "Mummy, what should I do?" and she would

have replied: "Darling you mustn't work so hard." When she was alive there had always been somebody to pick up the pieces. So in a sense I did not have to try that hard, but without her there was nobody to look after me – but myself! Yes there was my dad, but there was not much sympathy between us.

My huge regret is that my mother is not alive to see my success, while my father has never been able to say well done. My mother would have definitely been a Ghost addict, she loved clothes and had great style, indeed many of my ideas are a tribute to her. One of the reasons I use the fabric viscose is because it is very weight friendly. I was very aware of this problem because my mother had a constant battle. She also had a huge feeling for colour,

everything was painted in different colours in the apartment, and now there is an awful lot of colour in the collection I'm dyeing at the moment. Yet I was thrown out of art class, and sewing come to that, because I'd no sense of colour. She certainly heathened me other talents too, like the ability to organise. I needed it to start Ghost and bring up children too. I've developed lots of talents I never knew I had.

I go and see her fairly regularly at Kensington Cemetery, sometimes to make her pretty, but other times because I'm downright confused and depressed and need to talk. I hope she knows what I am up to and that it makes her proud.

— Interview by  
Andrew G Marshall



# A reputation that should be chiselled away

In the sculptor's centenary year, Tom Lubbock argues that while his standing is as monumental as his art, the work itself has always been overestimated

"FORMS that are vital to the life of mankind." That was Herbert Read's opinion in the early Sixties – and even allowing for critical hype, and long personal friendship, it's an astonishing claim: to say that a body of sculpture is somehow keeping humanity going. But back then, Henry Moore held a special place in the English mind. He was our greatest living sculptor, and continued to be until his death in 1986. He'd put British sculpture on the world map, and was putting his own all over it. He had a role we can't imagine any artist having today. The lumps remain, of course. It's his centenary this year.

And if all the Henry Moores in the world were to leave their parks and plazas, take the nearest coast road, and jump in the sea, would the life of mankind miss a heartbeat? Wouldn't it be very slightly enhanced? I hate the work of Henry Moore. I think it's stupid, wrong, and often repellent. I don't take the started-well-but-went-off-later line. With a few exceptions, I think it's had right through. Mostly, though, I don't think about it, which is easy, because mostly nobody else does any more. Now, soon, there'll be exhibitions everywhere, new books, TV films, probably two-minute slots with people saying "I've always really liked this one", all that. Naturally it's upsetting.

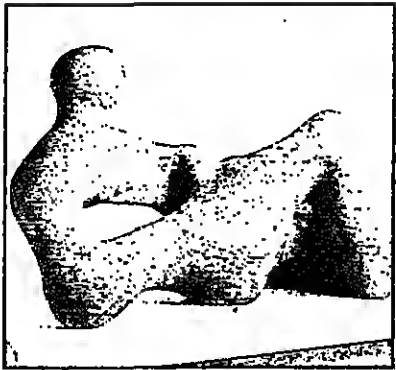
Moore's sculpture has had a range of enemies, and they generally had a point. Early on, there were critics who thought it much too modern. "Revolutionary formlessness such as offends sensitive people," said a review of one of his first shows. Later, there were critics who thought it not nearly modern enough – a safe, soft, English pastoral version of modernism. Heavens, even Kenneth Clark approved of it, setting Moore against Picasso, praising the Yorkshireman's sturdiness and doggedness over the foreign artist's promiscuous invention.

Artistic comparisons do Moore's early work no favours. Picasso? Other contemporaries like Brancusi, Gaudier-Brzeska, Arp, Giacometti? The British Museum stuff, Mayan, African, Cycladic, that Moore drew inspiration from? As a general rule, anything Moore reminds you of, is always better. He's best when he imitates most closely. His own distinguishing mark is stupidity. What makes Moores Moore-ish is a failure of tone, a blatant gawkiness which somehow isn't registered as a problem.

Take those pithy little come-dresses, pinning up perfectly among the massive lumbering limbs of some reclining woman. Any sense of strain between pubescent and earth-mother seems to escape his notice. Or take the pin head with dot-eyes, the *Moon and People*, that tops so many figures – figures which are meant to be grand or serene, and not at all funny. It's no good saying "modernism, y'know". It just looks ridiculous, all the more so for believing itself noble. Indeed, take the famous holes, where the one thing you mustn't feel about



Mycenae meets Sputnik in *The Helmet* 1939-40 (top). But the rot set in with *Reclining Figure* 1938



them is that they're holes! With all Moore's characteristic devices, there's something unwitting or unwanted – some aspect you have to overlook for the sake of higher things. You don't get this special pleading with Picasso.

On the other hand, in terms of cultural achievement, Moore's career is impressive. He did needful import work, bringing new sculptural ideas into Britain. He inspired a popular amateur art form, something that only a few artists do: as Picasso gave us collage and Calder the mobile, Moore gave us the piece of undulating polished wood that has afforded Sunday sculptors so many happy hours of curvaceous smoothing. And then – which again few artists, however famous, manage – he hit the stride of history.

Moore was the man for the post-war moment. In the years following his triumph at the 1949 Venice Biennale, international exhibitions and commissions abounded. One can put this down to vigorous cultural diplomacy by the British Council, doing promotion of Britain and free-world propaganda. But there was a true match between Moore's work and the needs of a war-wrecked world. His Anglican compromise of abstract, figurative and organic provided the right ideals and consolations: images of non-specific, non-

divisive humanism: an art that looked modern but avoided modernist angst and fragmentation; that offered the "mythic" as basic common ground.

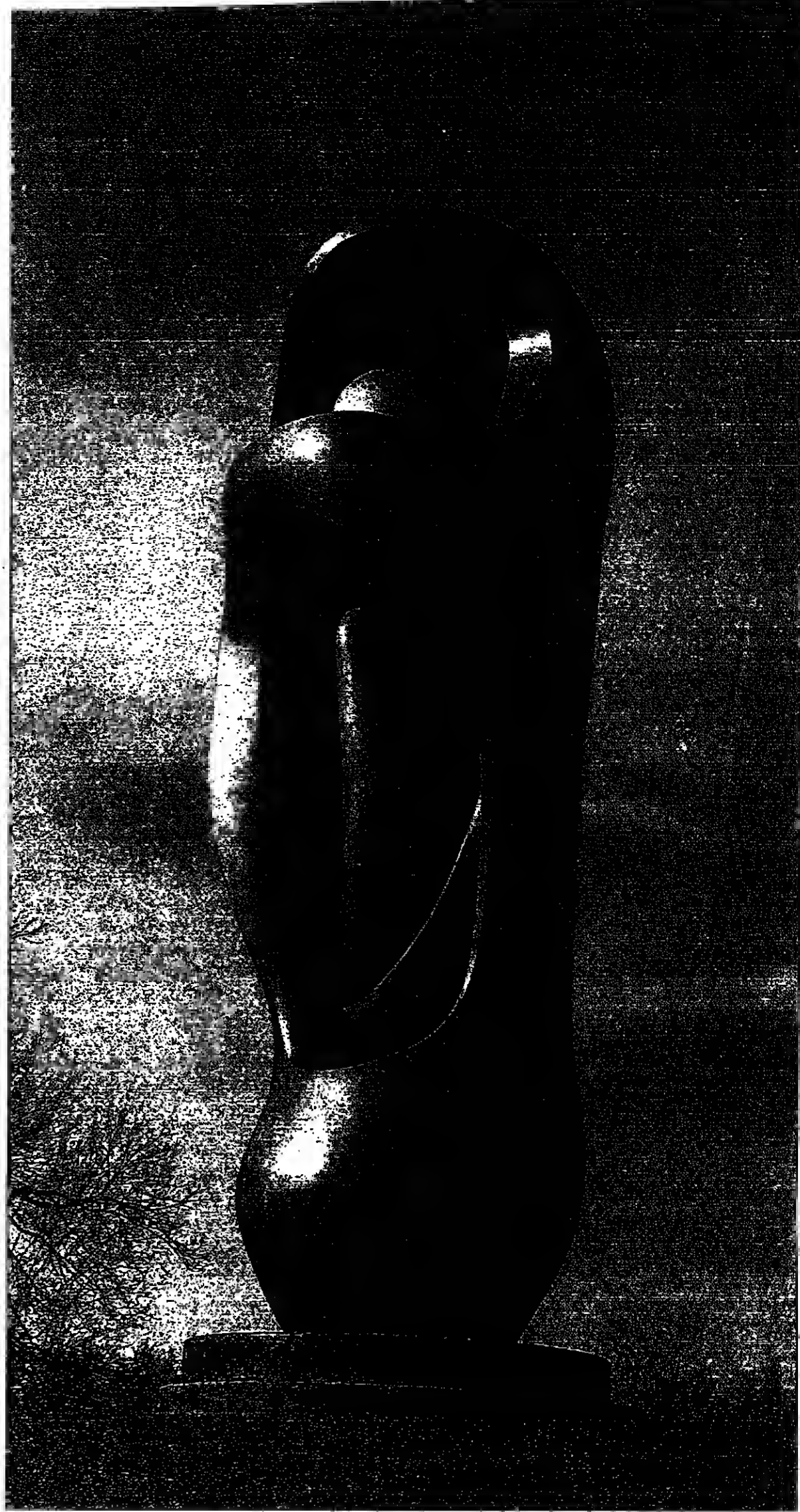
"Timeless" was the mode of the time. You see it in Wieland Wagner's depoliticized Bayreuth productions, set in an abstract realm fusing primal past and sci-fi future. Moore gets the same feeling. *The Helmet* pieces: Mycenae meets Sputnik. *The Internal and External Forms*: creation pot cum splitting atom. *The King and Queens*: neolithic ETs. (Another of Moore's cultural credits: disseminating an image of the "alien" in the public mind).

This mythic stuff is fatally dated now. Moore was blessed and cursed with a talent for the central clichés of the age. But how thrilling, then, for a viewer to be able to feel: here are the myths of our time, here are the living icons of our culture (our culture therefore is alive, and unified). Moore's art was given a para-religious, almost a magical status. It was a dream of modern art come true – work that offered more than images, more even than the archetypal shapes of the human mind, but forms that actually radiated power, energy points in the world, like the old stone rings: and was quite popular too.

He became an international figure and a national treasure – and an artist almost beyond criticism. When, in the late Fifties, John Berger made a negative judgement on his recent work, the story goes that someone from the British Council rang up Moore to personally apologise for this outrage. It was Berger too who coined a brilliantly destructive insult that formulates all that's wrong with Moore's long late period: "Pitdown sculpture."

The famous archaeological forgery, purporting to be the skull of a missing link, really a collage of ape and human bones, was exposed in 1953. The phrase calls Moore's work pseudo-primal, and (more acutely) a collage of bits which pretends to a natural unity. I think the trouble starts with *Reclining Figure* (1938). Put the phrase "organic form" out of your mind just for a moment and see the piece for what it is: a dismembered corpse in a body-stocking. And what's grotesque is not the dismemberment, the disparate human parts it's made of, but the way they're stitched up and smoothed over in the fluid sheath of general, non-specific tissue.

Moore's knack was for metamorphosis, seamlessly grafting together diverse elements – limbs, stones, buttocks, bones, branches, crags, occasional hints of manufactory. The metamorphosis always urges continuity and integration, not contrast. Herbert Read said: "Moore believes that behind the appearance of living things there is some kind of spiritual essence, a force or immanent being." This spiritual essence comes out as the ectoplasmic-protoplasm which Moore's bits and pieces dissolve into and extrude out of. His figures are stuck in miasmic contexts of this uni-matter. They display a homily awarded life, won't make it worse: it's supposed to be nice, a wholesome wholeness. True, some of Moore's pieces are tormented. But they're not tormented by their biomimeticism, as they are by their normal state of being, which they share with non-tormented figures. And of course, if Moore were to give any hint that his organic graftings produce – as they do – anatomical frights worthy of Francis Bacon, then the case would be altered. Here's Moore's stupidity again, another great failure of tone – he's oblivious



Large Upright Internal/External Form 1981-2 Photographs taken from *Celebrating Moore*, published by Lund Humphries

to how he's performing a monstrous plastic surgery. These "organisms" look especially awful when placed, where Moore liked them best, in a natural landscape. Hills, trees, rocks, sheep – and there, on an eminence, some ghastly mutant-colossus. (To the seal) Peter Fuller couldn't have been more wrong, seeking in Moore the seeds of an "ecological aesthetic". Find rather potential monuments to radiation leakage and genetic experiment. (Wheel Splosh!) Moore now? Seen thus, he could almost

be recast as a YBA in advance, among the boys who do gross-out or the girls who do flux and dissolution. And no doubt every subsequent British artist owes him a general debt as one who first made British Art a chapter-heading. Some of the work is all right. Like everyone, I like the *Underground* pictures. But Moore's best legacy is his once reputation artist-priest-king, modern myth-maker, a grand and now wholly incredible figure – that's the image we should hold in our minds for the centenary, as a wonder. We'll never see anything like it again.

Moore now? Seen thus, he could almost

## Shocking dreams and painted dogs – a buyer's guide

YOU NEVER know how your children are going to show you up – especially if they become artists. Whether their work embraces violence, homosexuality or God, the finger is likely to be pointed at mum and dad. Uprising, you know.

Among young artists' work for sale this week are 25-year-old Alexander Sandover's 10 photographs, each showing a pair of gilt-framed portraits of an archetypal (and presumably heterosexual) paterfamilias and his wife – with a young gay couple in various poses beneath them.

Sandover, who graduated in fine art from the Byam Shaw School of Art, calls them "the normal couple". He says: "My interest lies in the gay politics of living in a time when a homosexual lifestyle is being increasingly tolerated and heterosexual reaction to the urban gay community seems to be mellowing".

The photographs cost £400 to £750 and are exhibited until 25 April in "Ambiguous" at

the Thomas Kettle Gallery, 53a Neal Street, Covent Garden, London WC2 (0171-379 3579).

Toby Rye, 29, who has just become a father, says that his acrylic on board "Where Do Dreams Come From?" was inspired by a recent, not a childhood dream.

"But the point of it was that the person with no genitals was my father. It's me who's got the genitals now," he says. The child is father to the man.

"It's a bit personal, and some people are shocked," says Rye, a graduate of the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art. "But they feel relieved that someone can visualise the sort of dream they have had."

Ironically, Rye's one-man show of 20 paintings is being exhibited by Well Hung – the gallery that was founded by television presenter Chris Evans – in the restaurant and bar of Hype DF, the clothes shop in Kensington High Street, London W8.

Most of the paintings are



brighter and lighter than this one. All cost £450+VAT and the show runs until 2 May (0171-937 6355).

Nico Westerdale, 22, won a Chief Scout's Challenge Award. He was a good boy, but his parents' separation threw him.

He made "I Must Not Draw On The Wall", a repetitive engraving on metal, last September, around the time he used to sit on the stairs, listening to



them discussing who would get what.

"I'm sure there was a link," he says. "I was feeling very depressed. At that time, I also made a video of paint drying."

Westerdale is best known for his closely-packed line drawings that build into distortions. The engraving costs £200 and is exhibited in his show at the Original Levis Store Oxford Gallery, 29 Queen Street, Oxford – another fashionable

shop that, like Hype DF and Habitat, which initiated the trend, knows the value of linking its name with bright young artists.

The show is on until 28 April (0171-439 2559).

Giles Humphreys, 32, quit Sunday school at the age of seven. Now, he says, he is spoken to by God and drops all to sculpt to God's command.

His exhibition of 16 artworks, "Christ", includes a

Exploring the relationship between father and child in "Where Do Dreams Come From" (far left) by Toby Rye; and "Sniff", "Wizard" and "Bean" (left), collage dogs by Justine Smith

copper-wire word-cube of the Lord's prayer, "Our Father". His dad did have something to do with it – he had a printing and graphic-design business and young Humphreys became passionately fond of typography.

Humphreys, who studied design, manufacture and management at Cambridge, says that God speaks to him in a dog. The first time it happened was when he was in prayer during a Bible Week.

"It was awesome, as I'm sure you can imagine," he says. "Now, I often sculpt by resting in God's presence, then going to clay, wax or wire to replicate what He has shown me. It often takes a number of iterations to get it right."

Prices of artworks in "Christ" cost from £50 to £1,000 and are exhibited at the Ark-T Gallery, Crowell Road, Cowley, Oxford until 25 April (01865 773499).

Justine Smith, a 26-year-old multi-media artist, has been making friends with dogs ever since she was forced to walk to her studio in Clapham, south London, after a road accident.

She photographs them, with their owners' consent, then sculpts them in chicken wire and papier-mâché and covers them with her favourite gags from the *Beano* comic.

Besides *Bean* – her first comic dog, modelled from a German Weimaraner in a dog hook – there's *Wizard* and *Daisy* (their real names). Spike the mongrel and Sniff, a breed she invented.

"I love the colours in the *Beano*," she says. "It makes the dogs look light-hearted and cartoonish." She had never heard of those folk-art dogs woven from strips of cigarette packet. Of course not. That sort of thing went out with our grandparents.

Neil Hamon's "Blinkers" is one of six artworks showcased on the website *Vote for Art*.

The shortlisted works are by BA fine-art students at the Central Saint Martin's College of Art and Design on the theme "Open to Interpretation".

The competition is sponsored by The Research Business International, in conjunction with the college.

Just access the website – [www.vote4art.com](http://www.vote4art.com) – and cast your vote by 24 April.

The winner – who will receive £1,500 and possibly another £1,500, to be awarded by a judging panel – will be announced on the site on 1 May.

John Windsor





# A risk worth taking?

An increasing number of people want to take part in drugs trials in the hope of finding a cure. Roger Dobson reports

JAYNE Harrison was desperate to be part of a clinical trial. The 33-year-old dentist had been diagnosed as having breast cancer and was only too aware of the doubts about the effectiveness of existing drugs, particularly among women of her age.

Being diagnosed at 33 as having cancer was pretty shitty, but I knew a lot of trials with new drug treatments were going on and, more than anything, I wanted to get involved, not just for myself, but in the hope that it could help others, too," she says.

Jayne is one of a rapidly growing number of patients who choose to take part in clinical trials – the main way in which drugs and some other treatments are tested before becoming generally available. But although new drugs offer the patient the possibility of a more effective treatment, they can also turn out to be worse or no better than existing treatments and may also have side effects. And for the doctors involved, trials can be a minefield of ethical problems and moral dilemmas.

Six days ago, doctors in the US blew the whistle on a study of the anti-breast cancer drug tamoxifen on the grounds that those women in the trial who had been taking it to prevent cancer were doing so well, it would be unacceptable to continue and deny the benefits to the women who had been taking a placebo. But critics of that decision say it means doctors and patients will not now get the long-term data they need from that study to establish the safety of a drug that would be taken by healthy women for many years.

The ending of the tamoxifen trial illustrates some of the dilemmas involved in the expanding area of clinical trials. It is estimated that there have now been around 400,000 trials since regulations on the safety of drugs were tightened in the aftermath of the thalidomide disaster. A single teaching hospital may now have up to 300 trials running at any one time and medical sites on the Internet are currently seeking volunteers for more than 5,500 trials, tackling a diverse range of diseases, from Alzheimer's and AIDS to vascular problems and vitamin deficiencies.

Trials like these are the main examination that a new or improved drug has to undergo before it can be licensed for a specific condition. Before being trialled on patients, it will already have undergone tests on animals and small groups of healthy patients to identify any obvious side effects. In clinical trials, it is tested against a placebo or the best existing therapy and who gets what is usually determined by a random selection process.

But just who gets to participate in clinical trials remains something of a grey area, although the US National Cancer Institute recommends that they should be considered when there is no standard therapy available that works. Many patients, particularly those with advanced and life-threatening diseases, want to go on a clinical trial in the hope that they will be among those who get the new drug. Others do it for altruistic reasons, aware that while it may be too late for them it may help future sufferers. A few take part because they believe they will get better medical attention and observation, while others just want to get involved, to have a new hope.

Jayne enrolled because she felt she needed to do something after getting her diagnosis. "I am a dentist but I was also doing a PhD in clinical trials, so I was very geared up on the pros and cons," she says. "I knew there was uncertainty about the treatment of breast cancer, particularly among pre-menopausal women, and I had decided that if it was malignant I wanted to be in a trial."

At the time, I would have gone on any trial which did not affect my fertility, because I have no children and



Jayne Harrison wanted to take part in drug trials after discovering she had breast cancer

Photograph: Sean Paget

I didn't want my ovaries to get zapped or anything like that. In the end, I was put on a trial involving tamoxifen as a treatment for breast cancer in the under-50s. It was a randomised trial which meant that the lack of the drug, gave some people tamoxifen, others got nothing, and two other groups were given a combination of drugs or an injection. I got tamoxifen.

"I knew you had to accept what came along, whatever it was, but it was more important for me to be involved in a trial, any trial, than anything else. I felt that if some good came out of it, it was worth doing."

Jayne believes that everyone should be aware of trials before they need them. "I don't think that many know about clinical trials before they are ill, and I think people should be educated so they don't have to understand all the pros and cons at a time when they are also trying to come to terms with what is wrong with them."

Hazel Thornton, founder and chairman of the Consumer Advisory Group for Clinical Trials, says that giving people the right information is vi-

tally important: "People need to be given enough information and be presented with the case as it really is. It is vital that people make the right, informed decision."

One of the dilemmas of the trials

**One of the dilemmas of the trials is that individuals often want a personal and immediate benefit while the trial will have wider goals**

is that individuals who enrol often want a personal and immediate benefit while the trial itself will have wider goals. Professor Richard Lilford, adviser to the NHS on clinical trials, says: "Desperate patients will want something to be done even if it is not yet proved, but society has to follow a policy which enables the correct evidence to be selected in the long term."

"The way to reconcile the imper-

ative to help patients and the imperative to provide society with knowledge is to make a distinction between the two kind of decision makers, the individual doctor who must do the best for the patient, and the

best," says Professor Kent Woods, professor of therapeutics at Leicester University.

Clinical trialists are also keen to point out that there is always a referee involved checking on progress, even when both doctor and patient do not know which patient has the drug under test – a so-called double blind trial. "Whenever a trial is going on, there will always be a group in the background who are not blind to the data and can see if one group is doing better or worse than another and can make a decision to stop the trial," says Professor Woods.

But he adds: "The decision to blow the whistle is a terribly difficult one. You are protecting the interests of the patients who agreed to take part, and at the same time there is the wider consideration about all the patients whose treatment in the future is going to be influenced by the result of that trial."

With the tamoxifen trial, the debate centres on whether it was the correct moment to stop that trial. Only time will tell if it was the right decision.

## Time to put euthanasia to the vote



DR PHIL HAMMOND

THE thing about euthanasia debates is that the audience tends to be – how shall I put this? – mature.

Most of the bums on the 300 or so seats at the 6 April International Science Festival debate – "This House believes that voluntary euthanasia should be legalised" – had the mark of 60 years or more about them. But there was still a fair sprinkling of young bums about Edinburgh's Playfair Library.

Proposing with me was Jean Davies, currently president of the European division of the World Federation of Right-to-Die Societies and a campaigner for the individual right to opt for voluntary euthanasia (or not) since before I was at medical school.

She is not, as she was at pains to point out, pro-euthanasia but pro-choice. "I would defend your right to choose no as vehemently as I would defend mine to choose yes," she says.

Jean was the only woman and non-doctor in the debate, and a fine antidote to male medical stodge. She wasn't – as anti-euthanasia groups had lead me to believe – the Devil incarnate, but witty, wise and on the side of the angels. At least she would be if she wasn't an atheist.

Her beliefs are well encapsulated in her book, *Choice in Dying* (Ward Lock, 1997 ISBN 0-706-37510-6) which, she assured me, "has never been reviewed anywhere". Well, it's the best book I have ever read on the subject and I heartily recommend it.

Against was Michael Wilks, chairman of the British Medical Association's Ethics Committee, and Ian McColl, Professor of Surgery at UMDS (that's Guy's and Thomas's hospitals merged with a bit of King's thrown in. Or vice versa).

Lord McColl gave a passionate defence of the status quo. Most of the people he had served with at sea wanted to die at some time and changed their minds on dry land. And 96 per cent of the patients in the hospice he is associated with have complete pain relief, and he has only ever known one person request to die (but he still insisted on taking tablets to keep him alive).

Patients sent home from the hospice with diamorphine to control their pain did just that and never committed suicide, even though they easily could have. And although

voluntary euthanasia might on paper be voluntary for both doctor and patient, Lord McColl – not a Catholic – remembered when the Abortion Act was passed in 1967. "The pressure from patients was so great that woe betide any doctor who didn't offer abortion on demand. To this day, you very rarely meet a Catholic consultant gynaecologist."

McColl was also full of praise for today's medical students. "Better trained, better communicators, more compassionate, all round nicer people." He felt that this was the best insurance that patients in the future would receive excellent palliative medicine.

There might still be a call for voluntary euthanasia from a few, but this autonomous right was less important than the need to protect the vulnerable who might be coerced

**Most of us know someone who's had a bad death or a futile prolonged life**

or feel duty bound to ask for it. He ended with a quote from a Dutch doctor about the difficulties of actively terminating a patient's life: "The first time was very difficult, the second less so and the third was a piece of cake."

This threw Jean Davies into an apoplectic rage, and she apologised to all the Dutch doctors she knows who have been practising compassion-motivated voluntary euthanasia in a controlled, open and regulated way and would never refer to it in those terms.

Jean sees the issue as a matter of liberty. If you have a progressive, insufferable, incurable illness, you have a right to choose the time and means of your death. It was about dignity, rather than pain, and many independent people used to being in control of their lives would rather be helped to die in such circumstances than regress to a futile, undignified state of dependence. "I for one, do not want to be remembered like that," she said. Huge round of applause.

My views on the subject are very similar (see last week), although the pressure is off because I have the access and expertise to retire gracefully if life becomes intolerable. Being a doctor is currently the best guarantee of a dignified death (that is, if you survive the alcohol and depression).

Most of us know someone who's had a bad death or a futile prolonged life, even with the best palliative care. I think you deserve the choice not to and the audience agreed with 80 per cent in favour and none of the over-60s against. Let's have a referendum.

## 'We now make love twice a week or more'

Thousands of impotent men are suffering in silence. Ted Dickens decided to speak out about why it is worth getting help

IMPOTENCE – now there's a subject. Rarely discussed easily with anyone, but a sure attention-grabber at a comedy show.

My own awareness of this problem crept up on me slowly. Making love was not always a guaranteed event, but as I had some time ago passed my 60th birthday milestone, I became philosophical about it.

In my late sixties, I had an operation on my prostate gland which had become enlarged. Despite whispers that it would put a stop to lovemaking, it did not.

But the occasional difficulty in having an erection did still occur. So when a TV film was shown discussing erection prob-

lems in detail, I recorded the transmission against a possible future personal need for reference.

Four years on and my impotency was an established condition. Whenever we were feeling intimate, I would have an incipient erection, but even this subsided soon after entry, forcing me to abandon the act.

My wife, Erna, was understanding but nevertheless disappointed although she made light of the matter. I, on the other hand, felt a true failure, made worse by the knowledge that it was not going to improve. Our sex life had come to an end, through what I felt was purely my failure.

We have always had a very loving relationship, and were always, cuddling, and kissing, but now I felt guilty that I could not fulfil what was really "foreplay".

I feared that we would grow away from each other, a depressing thought that intruded more and more into my life. I felt that old age had taken me down a peg and I lost some confidence.

At this stage, Erna and I talked about the situation and decided that we should make arrangements for a consultation with a specialist to discuss implementation of one of the treatments we remembered from the television document-

ary. My local doctor, a woman, with whom I had discussed my problem, was most helpful and assisted with an appointment to see a specialist.

During our consultation I explained that my wife and I had discussed the treatments highlighted in the documentary, and agreed that a penile prosthesis would seem to offer the best solution in my case. We also had a friend who had an implant, so had ample knowledge.

He agreed, and a date was made for me to undergo surgery. The eventual operation went very smoothly and with no discomfort whatsoever, in spite of my worries about this. Twenty-four hours after arriving at

the hospital I was back on the train for home, and five weeks of convalescence.

The semi-rigid rod type of implant was my own preference, and Erna and I are very happy with that choice. It has ensured that whenever we make love, penetration is easy and lasting, guaranteeing that my wife always will have one or more orgasms.

An added bonus has been an apparent return of some of the erection mechanism. If this is true, it must be due to the confidence we now have of successful sex every time. We now make love a minimum of once a week but usually twice or more.

Erna and I are now, after

two years with the implant, relaxed, and in a general way very happy, although why, is not widely known. Our friends comment on what a happy-loving couple we are. Truly our relationship is perfect.

For both of us our new sex life has made a big difference, and we are writing this account in the hope that it may encourage others, to follow our example.

As an "over-70s" couple, when most of our contemporaries seem to have resigned themselves to "being past it", we are on a permanent honeymoon.

If you are considering this sort of treatment, then, as my doctor said: "Go for it!"

## THE INDEPENDENT

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# THE INDEPENDENT

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## Teachers must be led, not driven

TEACHERS behaved badly on cue yesterday. The National Union of Teachers' annual conference usually witnesses behaviour which if spotted in school would call for reprimand and perhaps even exclusion; and we were not let down during David Blunkett's visit. A fraction of this union's membership still belongs to far-left organisations (though quite what Trotskyist means these days is hard to grasp). It is also sadly true that the militants and hecklers are concentrated in precisely those schools in deprived areas which most need imagination, dedication, skill, perseverance, experiment... and money. If only the NUT could occasionally raise its collective head and grasp just how strong a negotiating case there now is for educational investment.

The bad boys and girls at the back of the class yesterday are a problem. They represent those teachers - their numbers may run into the thousands - who are never going to sign up to the schools' crusade the Government hopes to conduct. Their attitudes are sour, their mentality negative, their politics antediluvian. Some are archetypal Sixties recruits to the schools who in their teaching methods as in their politics belong to William Tyndale - meaning they fail to see that parents do wish their children to be formally educated, to reach identifiable levels of attainment and to be subject to discipline while going about it. Railing about injustice in society at large can never absolve teachers in state schools from their principal obligation of equipping their children with skills and attitudes to cope with, even succeed in, the world as it is - which means the job markets of Hackney, inner Manchester, Handsworth, Gateshead and Hull.

Yet most teachers, most members of the NUT, are biddable. That surely is the main reason David Blunkett is in Blackpool. He sees that the Government's plans can succeed only if teachers respond. It is a hearts and minds job. Too often his colleagues - notoriously Stephen Byers, sometimes the Prime Minister himself - give the impression they would love, like the Ofsted chief Chris Woodhead, to subject the profession to carpet bombing. But good teaching is not something a thug can produce; teachers cannot be brutalised into imaginative performance in the classroom. There have to be some sticks, yes, but the Government ought to have a ready supply of carrots, too. Education action zones are a case in point. If the Government is sincere about treating its plan as an experiment (in which case it would be good to hear more about how data is going to be collected and appraised) these could be an exciting alternative to local education authorities. Peter Smith of the Association of Lecturers and Teachers is doing the right thing - getting in there at the birth. The NUT's job is to secure for its members the best deal and that must mean incentives to performance, bonuses for improvement - in other words, money. The Government too often, like its predecessor, seems to believe change can be had on the cheap. It cannot. Better behaviour has to be bought. The Government, like its predecessor, is surely right to object to across-the-board increases, but it must go further in building up the image and reality of high-grade teachers who are highly paid.

With its welcome concession over paperwork, the Government seems helter-skelter to be realising just how much it is asking of teachers - all those measures of performance of a kind few other professions are subjected to. It has to recognise a paradox, too. The Government, rightly, wants teachers to become more professional, meaning more dedicated, self-motivating, reliable. Whatever the NUT says, a General Teaching Council is the right way forward. But that means teachers becoming more autonomous. Only yesterday we had the health minister Alan Milward requiring health trusts to impose tighter quality controls on medical professionals because their autonomy leads to the elevation of self- or group-interest above that of the patient. David Blunkett says his requirement of a "literacy hour" is non-negotiable - local circumstance or professional judgement be damned. Teachers are entitled to respond that if they are treated like shopfloor employees subject to central dictat, they will behave like them, too.

Unless they can be persuaded. The reason David Blunkett has to endure the Eastertime brickbats, and will again next year and the year after, is that there can be no revolution in attitudes towards attainment or school organisation unless the ordinary teacher is convinced, and that is a task requiring the political arts. The Government is trying to change recruitment and perhaps, one day, school teaching will attract a new class of people whose commitment to the highest standards can be relied upon (which incidentally will require a big increase in the salary bill). But for the meantime it is members of the NUT, together with the NAS-UWT and the other unions, who need to be cajoled, seduced and above all led in ways which the Doug McAvays of this world can never dream of.

## Harbingers of doom

TALK ABOUT apocalypse now. It's been a busy Easter for the four horsemen. First there was flood in Stroud-upon-Avon and now... termites have been reported invading southern England. In these fin-de-siècle circumstances, it is perhaps surprising there is not more sign of millenarian panic. The last time round in 999 holy men and cultists made a good living predicting the end of civilisation as they then knew it.

Rationalists are, fortunately, nowadays on hand to spoil the party. What is striking about the floods is how local they were. Inundation in Leamington and Banbury says a lot more about the peculiarities of drainage off the Midlands heights than divine intent - what has God got against the Vale of Evesham anyway?

As for the termites, it's amazing how slow, despite the growth of international travel and trade, despite acknowledged evidence of warming, the sub-tropicalisation of Torquay and adjacent spots has been. That termites have arrived on these shores is less surprising than that, having been here for months, they have found English domestic architecture so little to their taste.



### 'Peace' in Ireland

FOR understandable reasons the historic agreement approved, subject to referendums, in Belfast on 10 April is being referred to in media reports as a "peace deal", and of course it is devoutly to be hoped that over time it will indeed lead to the abandonment of violence as a means of achieving political aims in Northern Ireland. But we should be clear that in the short term it will, alas, not produce peace: we may be sure that for the near future one or more nasty sets of initials will continue to use bomb and bullet.

When terrorist incidents take place it is extremely difficult for democratically elected politicians to resist the pressures they then come under to react in such a way as to nullify commitments made to pursue a particular political course (of earlier episodes in Northern Irish history and Israeli backsliding on the Oslo accords). So, to strengthen their own hand against the inevitable pressures they are going to come under, let the politicians who approved the agreement of 10 April now show further courage by making statements, in unequivocal words that could be quoted against them, showing recognition that terrorist acts are going to take place and affirming that nevertheless nothing will deflect them from adhering to the Belfast agreement.

Sir HAROLD WALKER  
Birmingham, Surrey

DAVID TRIMBLE is right to say that the Good Friday agreement will strengthen the Union as well as providing a framework for peace in the Province. Conversely, any rejection in the referendum will lead to further disillusion with Northern Ireland in Great Britain. A mood of "a plague on all their houses" will become manifest, not least due to the huge human and financial cost to the mainland in the maintenance of the Union. Like all partnerships, the Union needs consent from both sides of the Irish Sea.

JOHN O'BRIEN  
Morpet, Northumberland

## LETTERS

Post letters to Letters to the Editor and include a daytime telephone number  
Fax 0171 293 2056; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

ONCE AGAIN the role of women in major historical events is airbrushed out. For nearly a year, the painstaking efforts of Mo Mowlam have been reported fairly and honestly. Yet, when the agreement finally comes, *The Independent* is filled with pictures of grey-suited men shaking hands.

And who gets the credit? Blair, Clinton, anyone so long as they're male. If the talks had failed we'd have heard a lot more about the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, and a lot less about her male superiors.

STEPHEN WARING  
Winchester

WHAT do we call "These Islands"? "The British Isles" is politically insensitive. "These Islands" is geographically ridiculous. Is this the time for a change?

TRIONA CAREY  
Macroom, Co Cork

### Mothering mocked

YOUR article "Power lunches with my two-year-old" (City + 8 April) reminded me of the contract babies I saw in Philadelphia in 1995.

Six-week-old infants were brought into a superbly equipped creche in the basement of an office block. They were also brought in to the creche at weekends and when they were sick, so that their working mothers could have time off. The nurse became their mother, and the creche home. These children suffered severe emotional distress at the age of three when they had to leave.

When I questioned why such women wanted children at all, I was told that many of them didn't want a baby, it was the men who wanted to be fathers and promised to finance the excellent childcare from

six weeks if the women would agree to give birth. This makes a mockery of mothering. Power lunches make a mockery of fathering.

From August this year, Norway plans to pay mothers to stay at home with their 0-2 year olds on condition that they do not use a public daycare centre. It is time the UK followed this example and set a true value, financial and social, on the time a mother spends caring for her young children at home.

SUE CLASEN  
Chairman, WATCH?  
Pershore, Worcestershire

### Internet filters

THE teachers who are calling for tough regulation of web companies and for the use of filtering software in schools ("Paedophiles targeting pupils via the Internet", 10 April) to help protect pupils from accessing dubious material on the Internet seem to have forgotten one important aspect of their role. They are in the business of preparing pupils for the harsh realities of the world and equipping them with the knowledge and skills to prosper in that world.

This means acknowledging that life, with all of its opportunities and challenges, also occasionally has a dark side to it. Having acknowledged this, they should then set about ensuring that pupils are streetwise enough to be able to deal with that dark side rather than sheltering them from it.

Teenagers are naturally inquisitive and if they know that material is being filtered from them, they will find a way to access it. It is better that they should be taught to develop their own judgement about whatever material they may see on the Internet, and to be able to as-

sess for themselves its validity, rather than passively relying on a piece of filtering software to do it for them.

DAVID AMIS  
Sturford Le Hope, Essex

### South Bank sound

FOLLOWING the demise of Lord Rogers's canopied for the South Bank, the intention is to substitute that of the runners-up in the competition. Allie and Morrison, "to make the arts complex a worthy cultural landmark once more" ("On the crest of a new wave", 9 April).

London has more good orchestras than any other city in the world. The South Bank is its primary concert hall. However, London does not possess an acoustically decent concert hall to compare with Birmingham, revamped Chicago, Boston or Amsterdam. The Festival Hall is an acoustic disgrace.

Instead of throwing good money after bad, the only sensible solution is to start from the inside and work outwards. By all means use the South Bank's wonderful location, but instead of tinkering with the external appearance let us get our priorities right and start by building a concert hall worthy of the capital, where music can be heard with pleasure rather than endured. A great deal is now known about acoustics, so this is no longer a hit-and-miss affair.

Employ Russell Johnson, who designed the spectacularly successful and acoustically adaptable Symphony Hall in Birmingham, to get the inside right first and if the exterior can be made to look half as good as Johnson's Birmingham interior, most of us will be more than happy.

DOUGLAS COCKSEY  
London NW3

### Straw the subversive

I WAS amused by David Aaronovitch's article (Comment, 9 April) about secrets hidden in government files - particularly Jack Straw's own secrets.

Some 23 years ago I was vetted by the Foreign and Commonwealth Office for a job in one of our last remaining colonies. My Irish antecedents caused a little concern, but of more concern was my previous presidency of a college student union. At my final meeting with my vetting officer, he asked me if I knew of any subversives - for form's sake he included fascists in his list. Of course, half my friends veered between "frots" (on the right) and Maoists (left to centre) but I didn't want to shop them so I cast about for a safe left-wing demon. "Well, I've met Jack Straw", I said. "But he seemed all right".

"They always do," was the response, and I was warned about Mr Straw in no uncertain terms.

SEAN MARRIOTT  
Aldborough, Norfolk

### Double holiday

WHAT a relief to have two bank holidays over Easter - our batteries need recharging after three months of hard slog since Christmas (leading article, 13 April). Why not add on the Tuesday after each bank holiday, as many offices do? As those in work experience longer hours under increasing pressures, don't deprive us of the opportunity to relax officially.

DAVID SHEARN  
Bath

### Battery cooking

YOUR picture of children in a cage demonstrating against battery farming (9 April) prompts a question. While those of us who prefer not to support battery farming from a market worth catering for in terms of raw chicken and eggs, why among the array of chicken-based precooked meals in my local supermarket have I never seen one bearing the words "free range"?

BILL LINTON  
London N13

## Mashed language served on its own pillow of anomalous adverbs



MILES KINGDON

I AM very glad to welcome once more a visit from Dr Wordsmith, our expert on the vagaries of the English language, who will do his best to answer all your queries. Take it away, doc!

Dear Dr Wordsmith, I was in a restaurant recently where there was an item on the menu described as being "served on a pillow of lasagne". What is a "pillow" of lasagne? Is it any better or worse than being served on a "bed" of lasagne? I have often come across things being served on a bed but never on a pillow before. What's going on?

Dr Wordsmith writes: What is going on is that British cooks have finally run out of creative invention when it comes to food, so they have turned to the language of the menu instead. Chefs have tried every combination of lemon grass with everything, cummin with everything, sun-dried tomatoes with everything, so now they are trying different word combinations. It has been well established

by wine writers that you can talk about wine in terms of other activities - sport, for instance, so that you can refer to a "frisky little wine" or a wine with long legs or stamina - and now the cooks have discovered this cheap source of imagery. In your case, it is the imagery of bed-making. Wait for things to be served in "their own duvet of lasagne" or "under its eiderdown of bechamel sauce". The other day I heard a top politician saying of someone else: "He is the sort of man who, if I was selecting the Cabinet, I would not even have him as a member." Isn't that atrocious grammar?

Dr Wordsmith writes: Yes, but the English language is almost impossible sometimes to guide towards a successful sentence ending. I will give you an example. Yesterday I was helping my wife to sort out the washing, and I was going through a basket of clothes, some of which had to be ironed. I said: "There are some items in this laundry basket which I'm not sure if they should be ironed or

not..." I then stopped, conscious that I had uttered a dreadfully ungrammatical sentence, but when I went through the sentence again in my mind, I realised that once you get as far as "There are some items in this laundry basket which...", there is NO satisfactory way of completing the sentence. The English language is not perfect. In fact, it's a bit of a mess sometimes.

Well, talking of that, I have always been puzzled by being taught that adverbs are adjectives with -ly stuck on the end.

Dr Wordsmith writes: What's wrong with that? Well, "cumbly" and "miserly" are not adverbs. Dr Wordsmith writes: Oh, I see. Yes, when you get an adjective ending in -ly, there is a confusion, and you feel the temptation to add -ly to the adjective to make it an adverb. For instance, if a "kindly" person does a thing in a "kindly" fashion, does she do it "kindlyly"? Well, does she?

Dr Wordsmith writes: No, of course she bloody doesn't.

In that case, what about gingerly? If I approach something "gingerly", does that mean that I approach it in a "ginger" fashion? Is "gingerly" the adverb from "ginger"?

Dr Wordsmith writes: No, of course it bloody isn't. "Gingerly" is the adjective from the adjective "ginger". There must have been a time when people were tempted to say, "He approached it gingerly", but soon gave it up because it sounded stupid.

Is there in fact such a thing as a "gingerlyly"?

Dr Wordsmith writes: I haven't the faintest idea. For God's sake, hasn't anyone got any intelligent questions?

Why do people always pronounce "lingerie" as if it were spelt "longerie"? If you are trying to pronounce it the French way, it should approximate to "longerie", surely?

Dr Wordsmith writes: You're not asking an intelligent question, are you? You're just showing off your knowledge of French, aren't you?

Yes. Sorry.

Dr Wordsmith writes: Next! I heard Ned Sherrin use the expression "de rigueur" on the radio the other day, when he was saying that on some radio programmes "a posh accent is de rigueur". It's always a pleasure to hear Mr Sherrin say anything, but I did wonder why we use French expressions when there is a perfectly good English one.

Dr Wordsmith writes: Oh? And what is this perfectly good English expression which Mr Sherrin might have used?

Well, he might have said that a posh accent was a "sine qua non".

Dr Wordsmith writes: And since when has that been an English expression?

Yes, I see what you mean...

Dr Wordsmith writes: God save me from morons and imbeciles! I'm going down the pub!

Dr Wordsmith will be back again soon when he is in a better temper.





## Now for the referendum, when the people's voice will be heard



DONALD  
MACINTYRE

### SEEKING CONSENT IN NORTHERN IRELAND

THE DEMOCRATIC architecture of Belfast, and, in particular, the monumental, in your face, Stormont parliament building looking magisterially down on Carson's statue, is among the most imposing in the world. But it has never lived up to its physical pretensions. Until direct rule, it was for Catholics a hated sectarian symbol of post-partition Unionist ascendancy. And since direct rule - with the exception of a few tantalising months after the abortive Sunningdale agreement - it has been an empty shell, mocking the lack of living democratic politics in Northern Ireland. The lights were on, but no one was at home.

All that could now be transformed. One of the many huge benefits of the Good Friday settlement is that, as the Ulster Unionist Party leader David Trimble eloquently put it yesterday, "a healthy, vibrant, democracy [stands] to replace the stagnation, frustration and powerlessness of the last three decades". The cross-community assembly agreed on Friday has the ability to fill a vacuum which, for more than quarter of a century, has helped to leave politics clear for the bomb and the Armalite.

But to achieve democracy, you first have to get there, and by democratic means. Between now and 22 May, one of the most delicate and important persuasive exercises ever undertaken in the British Isles will be conducted to ensure a yes vote in the referendum on both sides of the border. When Tony Blair said from his brief holiday in Spain that nothing could be taken for granted he meant it. It's a sentiment felt by anything even more deeply by Trimble and those of his UUP colleagues who have bravely staked their political lives on the settlement. They have already begun. Even Whitehall's most famously energetic spin doctors were yesterday impressed at how quickly both David Trimble and his deputy John Taylor moved this weekend and started to argue the case for why Ulster should, at last, say yes.

An as yet unresolved question is how the broadcasters will handle the referendum campaign. There have been suggestions in Belfast that the ITN in its advice to Ulster Television and the BBC may take the view that equal play has to be given to each side in the referendum debate. But is coverage of every speech by Tony Blair or David Trimble or John Hume really going to be balanced by equal time allotted to Ian Paisley or a renegade republican defector?

Given that the SDLP and the UUP command together a majority of votes cast in general elections - securing 13 MPs between them, compared with only four from Paisley's anti-settlement DUP and Bob McCartney's UK Unionist Party - they are arguably entitled to a lion's share of the airtime. Particularly if Sinn Féin - which won enough votes to secure two MPs - joins them on yes platforms. Of course, the no campaign should not

be suppressed; but should that really mean equal air time? Surely not.

The Prime Minister has already sought the support of both John Major and Paddy Ashdown in the task of winning hearts and minds of Northern Ireland's people. Government officials in Northern Ireland are likely to be wary of too frequent interventions by outside mainland politicians. The humiliating demise of the Conservative candidate in the Upper Bann by-election, which brought David Trimble to Westminster in 1990, is cited as one example of how they can go wrong. Another, feared in the memories of NIO officialdom, is Harold Wilson's seriously misjudged prime ministerial broadcast during the Ulster Workers' Strike which extinguished the hopes invested in Sunningdale.

I don't think Tony Blair will - or should - be too put off by this folklore. He has almost unlimited faith in the persuasive powers of logical argument. He knows the nuances of Northern Ireland politics infinitely better than Wilson ever did. It is hard to imagine a Prime Minister at the peak of his prestige, standing aside from that process.

Finally, the visit to Belfast of President Clinton, whose own role in the talks - including making it bluntly clear to Gerry Adams that Sinn Féin had achieved as much as it could on the release of prisoners - was highly important, is likely to happen on 19 May, after the G8 meeting in Birmingham. This would be only three days before the planned date of a referendum. The big guns, in other words, are lining up.

But none of this will eclipse the paramount importance of local politicians themselves. In this most politically obsessive

**To achieve democracy,  
you first have to  
get there, and by  
democratic means**

corner of the world, many people will indeed sit down to read the 69-page agreement sent to every home in Northern Ireland. Touring the Lower Falls before the agreement last week, you could not fail to be struck by how many people said, "It depends on what it says," or "I'll have to read it first." But they will also take a lead from the party leaders. Ian Paisley on Thursday night, fighting to be heard above the heckling from those ex-parajudicials who once regarded him as the only politician worth listening to, looked well past his sell by date. But his rhetorical power, and his ability to exploit the clear divisions within the UUP shouldn't be written off.

And those very divisions may yet prove a key variable. The crucial meeting that Trimble has to win over is the UUP council next weekend. And while the four ageing UUP MPs who have already condemned the deal may not carry as much clout as they think, the depressing and naked opportunism of the young Jeffrey Donaldson's opposition is a little more sinister. But the past few weeks have shown what a great mistake it is to underestimate Trimble. Ministers have also been struck by how eloquently the settlement has since been defended by two of the UUP MPs who created most difficulty in the talks themselves. John Taylor and Ken Maginnis. Some persuasive men from both communities will now be fighting together for a yes vote. It's a strange thing, but the campaign may prove a rehearsal for the very kind of collaborative politics which will be needed once the assembly is under way.

## Tiger Woods, one year on - wiser, humbler and no longer a saviour



RUPERT  
CORNWELL  
ON GOLF, THE  
GREAT LEVELLER



Tiger Woods surrenders his Masters jacket to Mark O'Meara Andrew Redington

BLESSED ARE the meek for they shall inherit the earth. And blessed is the game of golf, for this weekend it has made Tiger Woods - well perhaps not meek but at least a more modest soul, and, paradoxically, one more likely to inherit his sport.

Was I disappointed he didn't win the Masters? Not a bit of it. I was praying he wouldn't. I dreaded nothing more than a breathless interruption from the commentator, "Let's break off and go to Woods," followed by the sight of golf's touted superman bent over an eagle putt.

Then the ear-splitting roar, the surge up the leaderboard, and another score to make a mockery of the Augusta course, as he made a mockery of it last year (and of every other golfer in the process). Thank God, it didn't happen. For the player hailed as the man who would revolutionise golf, it may be a disappointment. But Tiger's personal, and I am sure temporary, loss has been his gain.

A year ago in this space, immediately after Tiger had spreadeagled the field in the 1997 Masters, I was warbling about his "graceful manner" and his potential for easing America's racial tensions. Which only goes to prove, never trust a journalist with stars in his eyes. It took Tiger just a couple of months to tumble from sainthood to villainy. He was accused of the most ungraceful behaviour, of being an uppity ungrateful black (by whites) and of treachery to his race (by blacks).

He was accused of keeping his distance from the fans who made him a superstar - but wouldn't you if you had been stabbed three times by pens wielded by hysterical autograph hunters? Then there was the separate sin of snubbing an invitation from President Clinton: "Why didn't he ask me before I won the Masters?" Tiger complained. Given the Celebrity-in-Chief's constant craving to bask in even reflected glory, the excuse was not unreasonable. But it was not taken kindly by scribes whose supreme ambition is to be a regular on the White House guest list.

In America even more than other countries, the first law of the free press applies: the faster and taller they rise, the quicker and harder they fall. And Tiger, with a 21-year-old's propensity to believe the guff being written about him, and his faculties blurred by \$100m-worth of product endorsements bouncing like hailstones on his head, was both uniquely qualified for the treatment and uniquely vulnerable.

But thanks to the great lev-

pus is an average 35 per cent on ticket sales. My faith in his chances of breaking down America's racial barriers may have been exaggerated, for Augusta looked as forbidding a citadel of whiteness as ever last week. But Tiger's potential to draw new generations and new minorities into golf, and to propel its standards higher, is intact.

Remember that pre-Masters pronouncement of Nicklaus: "If he plays well, he'll win by a mile, if he plays average he'll win, and

chance of actually winning? Most often, the victor can be predicted in advance from one of half-a-dozen teams or individuals, sometimes fewer (look no further than our own grossly overhyped Premiership, or any other national football league in Europe). Not however golf.

It possesses fabulous natural athletes like Tiger, but the subtleties of athletic skills on the course are not enough, as Woods himself now knows. Vanished is

**It took Tiger just a couple of months to tumble from sainthood to villainy. He was accused of being an uppity, ungrateful black and of treachery to his race**

ellers of time and the sport of golf, we are at last getting Tiger into perspective. He may not have won a tournament in the US for nine months now, but in the great cash machine of American sport he remains, along with the soon-to-be-retiring Michael Jordan, the most valuable single commodity.

Thanks to him, golf's drawing power - and, more important, the advertising rates it commands on TV - are greater than at any time since the prime of Jack Nicklaus. Largely thanks to him, tournament prize money is set to soar. Whatever his peccadilloes, his presence at an event in 1997

even if he plays badly he'll be in contention." Well, Tiger Woods played average by his standards and he tied for eighth. And that is no failure. After all Nicklaus, the greatest golfer and the most prolific major winner in history, took 24 years to amass his 18 titles. Tiger has already secured one. He still sits on a pinnacle of unique promise. He's still No 1 in the rankings and can count on at least 20 more years at the peak of his physical powers. That he didn't collect a second successive one merely proved how rich a game golf is.

In what other sport do so many competitors have a

the man-child who used to boast he would win every tournament he entered. The penultimate still shows, in the open irritation when a very good shot falls a few inches short of perfection. But he has learnt how hard the game truly is. He acknowledged last week with proper deference to the Almighty: "God humbles you every day, every shot."

Week in, week out, there

are 30 or 40 players capable of winning a given tournament. As no other sport, golf requires mind as well as muscle (just as well, say those of us for whom, like our 58-year-old hero Nicklaus, the half century is long since in the rear-view mirror). You may be blessed with the physique of a Greek god, the grace of a gazelle - but you don't have to be. Our own Darren Clarke and Lee Westwood, youngsters both, are not exactly sylph-like. Saint Jack himself is distinctly pudgy these days, and grimaces and winces as if he'd never struck a golf ball in his life. Yet he gave Tiger 36 years and finished two strokes ahead of him. At 41, Mark O'Meara is reassuringly broad of beam and grey around the temples. He won because of his skill, but also because of his wits, his nerve and his experience.

In sport, they say, nice guys come last. But in top-flight pro golf they tend to come first, second and third as well. No shirt-tugging, no gamesmanship, no red and yellow cards and no arguing with the referee - indeed the sole function of the referee is to rule on arcane points of golfing law. Nor are his calls disputed: John McEnroe in golf shoes would have self-destructed by the third tee. In golf self-control is all. You are playing the course, yourself and your opponents in that order. Sound boring? Perhaps. But I suspect, it's preparing Tiger Woods for enduring success as no other sport could.

Perhaps you are worrying about an impending charisma shortage? Then you couldn't have noticed the gee-whiz, disbelieving smile of a kid called Matt Kuchar every time he hit a good shot on his way to an even par finish, the best achieved by a reigning US Amateur Champion since You Know Who. Kuchar has star-dusted written all over him. Tiger-maniacs may soon be spoilt for choice.

## Londoners should be free to vote for Red Ken



ANNE  
MCELVOY  
CANDIDATES  
FOR MAYOR

TONY BLAIR wants a mayor for London. This is one decentralisation about which he is genuinely, spontaneously enthusiastic. It is his brainchild and not like the Scottish or Welsh parliaments part of the baggage inherited from John Smith.

The precedents are good: New York, Paris, Barcelona, Berlin and Moscow all have elected mayors identifiable with the city's joys and woes. I once saw an irate grandmother brandish her umbrella at Yuri Luzhkov in protest at the state of the drains in the Russian capital. A mayor is the person we can trounce with our umbrellas when all the intermediate institutions have passed the buck. Because they need our votes next time, they are obliged to take notice.

In three weeks time, Londoners will vote in a referendum on whether they want a mayoral system and it would be extraordinary if they did not approve it. At this point, the familiar, metallic voice of Ken Livingstone will announce, repeatedly and loudly, that he covets a place in the approved list of Labour candidates.

Mr Blair very much does not want his first mayor to be Ken Livingstone. Been there done that. Ken is about as Eighties as the Human League and Loadsamoney; and New

Labour is in denial about the Eighties. It prefers not to associate its present comely form with the days when, as head of the Greater London Council, Ken could have a champagne bar in County Hall as élitist and run minorities policies that kept the Tory tabloids in jokes about Irish, black, one-legged lesbians running self-defence classes for toddlers.

Ken is a living reminder of all that. Worse still, he is a reminder that a lot of Labour activists thoroughly enjoyed it - especially the feel-good gesture politics - the rooking against this, marching for that and rallies supporting the other, which Mr Blair finds silly and which alienate more prosaic souls.

The GLC was not the unquestioned success that Ken would have us believe. Both bureaucratic and wasteful, it pandered to the tastes and prejudices of middle-class activists. The flagship "fairs fair" policy of cheap public transport caused havoc by encouraging too many people to use a system that was - and still is, heaven help us - in need of a structural overhaul. But in the end, as a victim of *la belle dame sans merci* at her most imperious, Ken won lasting sympathy. Lady Thatcher's decision to abolish the GLC made him a martyr to the cause of London.

The Milbank Tendency's response to this is straightforward: Ken must be stopped. The party's commissars are chewing their ballpoint pens right now, bating plots to stop him appearing on the approved short-list. They will argue that his criticisms of New Labour policies have been so grave as to constitute outright disloyalty. Truly, Livingstone is not a natural-born Blairite. The last time I debated with him, he predicted an economic crisis that would deny Mr Blair a second term. He did not appear regretful at the prospect. Ken is at home in a recession.

But he is a member of the party's National Executive Committee, an honour to which he beat Peter Mandelson in a party-wide vote last year. It is in the name of the NEC that the voters will decide the short-list for the mayor's job. So, it would be churlish and undemocratic to deny 50,000 London-area members a chance to vote for him.

The tactical alternative is, apparently, to put up Tony Banks, the last leader of the GLC, now a neutered enough Leftie to be Minister for Sport. To which I say: accept no substitutes. There is something about New Labour's makeover of Mr Banks that is deeply fake. He has become a house-trained pole-cat, both ineffectual and gaffe-prone. Frank

Dobson, a good Old Labour vintage, doesn't want the job.

Surely, they're not serious about Glenda Jackson. Ms Jackson is oddly lacking in the very quality of showbiz appeal the job requires. She has hurried her actress personality in an attempt to be taken seriously. But a London mayor should be like the city - stylish without being glamorous, a touch vulgar without being brash. Clare Short would be perfect - but her loyalties will remain with Birmingham. You can see the problem. New Labour has promoted a cast of frightfully polite people, unthreatening but bloodless. Right now, they are combing the ranks for anyone vulgar enough to take on Lord Archer but not wayward enough to embarrass Mr Blair.

Why do I care so much about Mr Livingstone's fate? Come the mayoral race, my vote would probably go to someone safe, like Chris Smith or Trevor Phillips. But banning Ken from the contest would be a mistake, both because of what it says about New Labour and what it says about Mr Blair's approach to local democracy. It would reveal that, after a landslide election-win and a blinding first year in power, he still does not trust his party to choose a modernising candidate over a socialist one. New Labour will never know its true strength until it allows real contests between right and left.

Mayors are there to do battle for their city. That means fighting central government for power and money. Devolution and the revival of local democracy are not processes that can be controlled centrally, although Mr Blair sometimes gives the impression that they can. The Scottish parliament will demand tax-raising powers. Rightly so - they are what differentiates a real parliament from a placebo one.

Elected mayors, in London and then elsewhere, will strain at the fiscal leash the Treasury has fastened to them. Responsibility for transport, police and the emergency services are just the start. Any mayors worth their salt will want to put their own projects to the voters, and seek their own solutions to infrastructural problems. In so doing, they should be answerable to the people who elect them, not enslaved to Whitehall.

The campaign to stop Ken is an example in miniature of New Labour's tendency to promise decentralisation and then inhibit choice from the centre. But local democracy means allowing people to make their own decisions and their own mistakes. As mayor for London, I would view Ken as a mistake. That doesn't mean that the Labour Party should deny voters the right to make it.

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## Ernest Neal

WHEN Ernest Neal was surprised by a badger in a Gloucestershire wood on his way home after a moth-catching expedition, it was to change the course of his life. He determined to return on the following evening to watch the animals properly and so started an interest which was to remain with him for the rest of his days.

His was the first long-term scientific study of a British mammal which relied on direct observation and objective investigation and from it came his book, *The Badger*, published in 1948, the first monograph in the Collins "New Naturalist" series. It was a volume which has inspired tens of thousands of people, including me, to take an interest not only in badgers but in wildlife in general. By following Neal's advice, I found myself able to watch a nocturnal mammal and enter its life without its ever being aware of my presence.

Ernest Neal is best known for his link with badgers and that original book has been updated and rewritten several times as knowledge has improved and research techniques have been refined. The most recent edition, written in collaboration with Chris Cheeseman, was published in 1996. Neal was presented with the Stamford Raffles Award of the Zoological Society of London in 1956 for his badger work and, in 1960, was awarded a PhD for his research into badger reproductive biology. He served for over 15 years on the Consultative Panel of the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food on Badgers and Tuberculosis from its inception in 1975 and was recently asked to comment on the latest report on the problem by Professor John



Neal: inter-relationships

Krebs. Among the veterinarians and government scientists, he felt his was the only totally independent voice representing the interests of the badger.

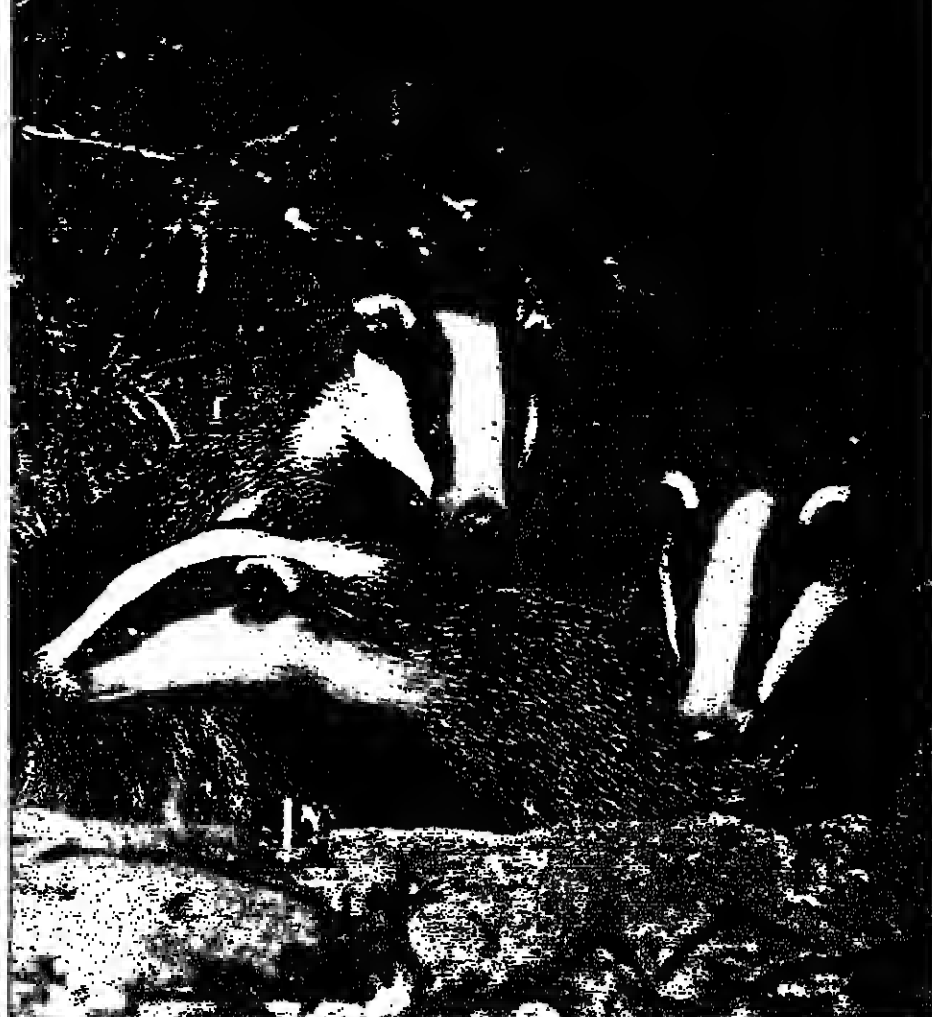
Neal's interests were much wider than badgers however, and he was constantly fascinated by the complex inter-relationships in both the natural world and among people. He came from a Christian household (his father was a Baptist minister) and he always looked for the best in everyone he met, an attitude which gave him a very positive outlook on life. He was educated at Taunton School and London University and his first job, in 1936, was at Rendcomb College, Cirencester. In 1946 he moved to Taunton School, where he became Second Master and a housemaster before retiring in 1971.

His captivation with inter-relationships and eco-systems was something he was able to share not only through his teaching but also through writing, photography, film-making and television. In 1952, with Professor Humphrey Hower, Neal began to make the very first film of wild badgers at night, a significant feat given the technol-

ogy at the time. It was a work which required considerable dedication and took over three years to complete, using powerful lights to which the badgers had to become habituated. It was subsequently shown on television in 1954. During his lifetime, Neal took part in over 300 radio and television programmes.

Neal was one of the founder members of the Mammal Society, a unique blend of professional mammalogists and amateur enthusiasts. He believed strongly in the value of non-professional members and constantly promoted their interests, later giving substantial support to the establishment of a youth section, now called Mammalaction. He was to be the society's chairman for five years and later served for six years as its president; as such I first met him. In 1980 he was awarded the society's Silver Medal for his work on mammals and for the society. He also helped found the Somerset Trust for Nature Conservation, now the Somerset Wildlife Trust, and was its chairman for 14 years. In 1976 he was appointed MBE for his work on nature conservation in Somerset.

Ernest Neal's interests were by no means confined to Britain. In 1962 he was invited by Stephen Curry, a former pupil and an entomologist with the Kenya Forestry Department to visit East Africa. Neal took his wife Betty and combined it with a celebration of their silver wedding. In his own words, "Africa became an addiction." In the late Sixties he was invited to carry out research on banded mongooses in Queen Elizabeth National Park in Uganda and spent four months discovering a great deal



A nocturnal photograph by Neal, who made the first ever film of wild badgers at night

about their basic biology which was previously unknown. He made a further 21 visits, many of them as a guest lecturer for Swan Hellenic and Ecosafaris. Naturally his appetite for the way ecosystems work was fed to the full here and resulted in *On Safari in East Africa - a background guide* (1991).

This book was one of the fruits of what Neal called his

"bonus years", for he very nearly lost his life after an operation on his lower back in 1986. For a man who enjoyed and valued the special relationships of his family, the subsequent move to share a home with the family of one of his sons in Bedford was of great importance. Here his study, with its collection of moths, his pictures and photographs of badgers and Africa

and its many books, became an encapsulation of a full and active life dedicated to sharing his knowledge with others.

Michael J. Woods

Ernest Gordon Neal, schoolmaster and biologist: born Bosmor, Hertfordshire 20 May 1911; MBE 1976; married 1937 Elizabeth Thomson (three sons); died Bedford 5 April 1998.

## Alex Ritchie

ALEX RITCHIE, who achieved international fame with his epic rescue of Richard Branson and his Virgin Global Challenger balloon at the very start of their attempt to fly around the world in January 1997, was an engineer who contributed as much as anyone to the rebirth of interest in long distance ballooning.

His trademarks were inventiveness and versatility, a combination that led some to dub him "a cross between Heath Robinson and the 21st century". He was an all-rounder who had mastered technologies ranging from turbojets to gas diesel engines. He was involved not only with ballooning, but other "retail" cutting-edge ventures including the successful attack by Richard Noble's Thrust SSC on the world land speed record.

On a personal level as well, Ritchie fitted the legend of gifted Scots engineers who

helped build industrial Britain. He was quiet and understated, yet a splendid storyteller. Above all he was cool under pressure - a quality never more in evidence than during the drama in the early hours of 6 January 1997.

It occurred less than 24 hours after Virgin Global Challenger, carrying Branson and his two co-pilots Ritchie and Per Lindstrand, had taken off from Morocco and set off east across the Sahara desert. The balloon had crossed into Algeria at an altitude of 30,000 feet when it began losing height precipitously, hurtling towards the ground at 40 feet per second.

Instantly grasping the urgency of the moment, Ritchie climbed on to the roof of the capsule, wearing a parachute and strapped to Challenger's fuselage. He jettisoned a fuel tank and other equipment, slowing the balloon's descent



A cross between Heath Robinson and the 21st century: Ritchie (left) with Richard Branson, in January 1997

and enabling it to make an orderly landing. Branson later described the experience as "terrifying". Without his co-pilot, he gratefully acknowledged, "we would have gone

into the ground. He saved our lives and is the hero of the hour. He showed unbelievable bravery."

Ritchie himself however was unflappable. Algeria was and re-

mains an exceedingly dangerous country. Yet he was less concerned with the arrival of the helicopter gunship sent by the government which arrived to carry them back to civilisation, than with getting up-to-date on the latest football results.

Almost exactly a year later, also in Morocco, came the sky-diving accident which would ultimately claim his life. Training for another balloon bid, he fell some 13,000 feet onto a concrete car park when his parachute failed to open properly.

He was taken back to Britain with a broken leg, pelvis and arm. There he underwent nine operations but developed a form of blood poisoning which proved fatal.

Alex Ritchie was a fully qualified and highly experienced gas balloon pilot and hot air balloon pilot, who designed and built the burners and engines for all three Virgin Glob-

al Challenger ventures. After taking a science degree at the University of Natal, and conducting machine tool research at Cambridge University, he spent three years as a project engineer for British Leyland. He later had spells at Noel Penny Turbines and Caterpillar Tractor, working on automotive gas turbines. At the time of his death he headed the family business J. Alex Ritchie, where he worked with his son.

His connections with Virgin Challenger however will live on. Richard Branson plans to dedicate next winter's round-the-world attempt to him. Even more pertinently, it will use a capsule designed and built by Alex Ritchie.

Rupert Cornwell

James Alexander Ritchie, engineer: born Glasgow 19 January 1945; married 1970 Jill Neave (two sons); died London 11 April 1998.

## Yves Mourousi

YVES MOUROUSI achieved fame as a television presenter of current affairs. The news of his death from a heart attack was carried by all the television and radio stations in France and everyone quoted the habitual "Bonjour" with which he had begun his lunch-time programme on the station TF1. Several wondered how he would have announced his own death, and it was suggested that he would have chosen to say, "Bonjour - au plaisir, then". Directness was his hallmark.

The evening after he died, TF1 paid a solemn tribute to him. Words of praise and sympathy were spoken by his fellow presenter, Patrick Poivre d'Arvor, and by the Vice President of France's Bouygues company, Emile Mougeotte.

And this was ironic. It was the same Bouygues which had become the largest shareholder in TF1 when it was privatised in 1987 and who had put an end to Mourousi's programme within little more than a year of taking charge. It was thus some ten years ago that Mourousi had last



Mourousi: grand seigneur

functioned as a presenter. Yet he was well remembered, and that someone should have left such a clear memory behind him in the changing world of television is remarkable. It reflects the continued controversy that surrounds the management of the French television industry.

A viewers' association that was opposed to the privatisation of TF1, looked back to the achievements of the programme as part of the nation-

al heritage, "as much as is the Louvre, the Chateau de Versailles or the Eiffel Tower". Mourousi is remembered as being part of that past.

He insisted that when he appeared in people's homes at lunch time, he was doing two things. He was passing on information, and he was entertaining: this was "politique spectacle". Thus he interviewed Brezhnev in the Kremlin, Colonel Khadafi in Tripoli, Chinese spokesmen from Tiananmen Square, Edgard Pisani from the roof of the Arab Institute, from where one looks across Paris to the buttresses of Notre Dame.

And when he interviewed a President of the Republic, he wanted to present a man. When de Gaulle appeared on television it was the Republic that had come into the living-room. Mourousi wanted more of that. In his famous interview with Mitterrand in 1981, he asked the President if he had seen Brezhnev's latest film. He tested his knowledge of current slang and having shown an alluring commercial slot, he enquired as to

his reactions. This was an adaptation of the popular dictum that if you want to judge a politician you ask him if he knows the price of a metro ticket. Asking Giscard d'Estaing about the diamonds that he had been given by the African leader Bokassa was putting to the test Raymond Aron's dictum that it was difficult for a statesman to tell lies on television.

To do all this, Mourousi also presented himself. Sometimes dressing eccentrically, sometimes inconspicuously, half-sitting on President Mitterrand's desk as he spoke to him, capable of imitating his interviewee, he always sought to achieve the unexpected. Those who worked with him have stories of how he wanted to do everything himself, creating chaos as he organised the cameras, shifted the sets, brushed with new ideas and answered five telephones. He was fortunate in having Marie-Laure Augry alongside him as co-presenter.

He was also something of a grand seigneur. He used to display recently published books at the end of his programme and

an author once expressed disappointment that although he had sent his book, it had never been displayed. He was told that he should have had a word with Mourousi's chauffeur, just as, in the old days, one approached a grand seigneur via his valet de chambre.

Mourousi avoided the two constant dangers of French television: the heavy-handed, patronising elitism and the low quality populism. But he did not meet the needs of commercialism and he was sacked.

Outside television Mourousi had many interests. He was the owner of a trendy bar. Look, the organiser of variety shows, a well-known figure in Paris night-life and the festivities of the Club Med. After his dismissal he worked for some time with Radio Monte-Carlo, engaged in publicity for motor-hikes (he became known as "Monsieur Moto") and wrote books on politics. Unfortunately, his book on the neo-Gaullist Philippe Seguin was completed just before the political upheaval that followed the regional elections of March

and Mourousi had stated that he would have to rewrite it. Most importantly the Mayor of Paris had invited Mourousi to organise the capital's millennium festivities.

Born in Suresnes in 1942, he was brought up by his grandparents and educated at the lycée Lakanal at Sceaux. He became a trainee for French radio. In 1967 he went to stay with his then fiancée in the region of Pau, where a nearby earthquake gave him the opportunity of reporting what was happening. Consequently he lost his fiancée, whom he had abandoned, but acquired a job since he had impressed the director of French radio. He transferred to TF1 in 1975, after a successful radio career.

His wife, Veronique Aude-mard died of meningitis in 1992. Mourousi's death leaves a daughter, Sophie, aged 12.

Douglas Johnson

Yves Mourousi, television presenter: born Suresnes, France 20 July 1942; married Veronique Aude-mard (one daughter); died Paris 7 April 1998.

## Qadi Abd al-Rahman al-Iryani

ABD AL-RAHMAN bin Yahya al-Iryani belonged to that select group who played an active and influential role in the politics of the Yemen both before the September 1962 revolution - which put an end to the absolute rule of the Zaydi imams that had lasted for ten and a half centuries - and afterwards.

For over 30 years he was at the heart of the Yemeni political scene, not only when North Yemen had become the Yemen Arab Republic but also earlier, when it was known as the Mutawakkilite Kingdom of Yemen, and he was intimately involved in the events which paved the way for the eventual emergence of the Yemen as a modern state.

He was born in the mountain village of Iryan, the home town of his ancestors (hence the name al-Iryani), in the district of al-Qafr, some 90 miles south of Sanaa, into a family well-known for producing judges and scholars and whose members inherited the privileged title of qadi (judge). Although Iryan was in the Shafi'i (Sunni) part of the Yemen the Iryanis were Zaydi Shia who had served the Zaydi imams faithfully for generations. Abd al-Rahman's father, Qadi Yahya bin Muhammad, knew the Koran by heart, was a poet and for several years head of the High Court of Appeal during the imamate of the Imam Yahya Hamid al-Din (who reigned from 1904 to 1948).

The young Abd al-Rahman received a traditional education in Sanaa which meant studying Arabic grammar and syntax, Islamic jurisprudence, the Koran and the sayings of the Prophet Mohammed and was taught by his father and other scholars.

Iryani excelled in jurisprudence and was subsequently appointed judge at al-Nadira, in the province of Ibb. In 1944 he became one of the leading activists in a clandestine political organisation, the *Jam'iyyat al-Islah* (the Reform Group) which opposed the Imam Yahya and the rule of the Hamid al-Din family. In the autumn of 1944 Iryani was arrested along with other members of the organisation and imprisoned at Hajja in north-west Yemen. The following year, however, Sayf al-Islam Ahmad, the Crown Prince, was prevailed upon to release Iryani who was then summoned by him to work in the southern city of Ta'izz, which was the Crown Prince's permanent residence.

Iryani supported the coup in February 1948 that saw the assassination of Imam Yahya and the proclamation of Sayyid Abdullah bin Ahmad al-Wazir as Imam. He was appointed first secretary of the Consultative Council but a month later Imam Yahya's son Ahmad (now Imam) had regained control of Sanaa. Iryani refused to flee the country, was arrested on 14 March and despatched to Hajja, where he was imprisoned once again, this time for six years.

Iryani's release from prison and his regaining favour with Imam Ahmad were the result of the friendship he struck up with the Imam's son Sayf al-Islam Muhammad al-Badr. Al-Badr was known for his liberal and progressive ideas and it was in him that the hopes of many who wanted political reform now rested. Iryani was instrumental in promoting propaganda on behalf of al-Badr that he was the ideal choice for designation as Crown Prince. This was then enthusiastically embraced by Imam Ahmad, who ordered Iryani to draw up a document by which allegiance would be legally obtained for his son, and got him to procure allegiance from the ulama and notables at Zabid in Ta'izz. Iryani was subsequently appointed a member of the judicial High Shari'at Court.

Imam Ahmad's increasingly despotic and arbitrary rule, however, caused Qadi Iryani to support Sayf al-Islam Abdullah (Ahmad's brother) and Col Ahmad al-Thulayhi in their revolt against the Imam in April 1955. Having been led on to the square at Ta'izz where the Imam himself was directing the executions, Iryani was reprieved at the very last moment. The Imam looked at him and declared, "afawnaak" - "We forgive you!"

A few months later he was appointed a member of the 10-man Consultative Council headed by Crown Prince al-Badr. From 1958 to 1962 he was Minister of State, accompanying the Imam when he went to Rome in 1959 for medical treatment, and was a minister in the week-long government of Imam al-Badr in mid-September 1962.

After the revolution of 26 September 1962, which was organised by a group of army officers and then maintained for the next five years by a considerable Egyptian military presence, Iryani was appointed Minister of Justice and from then until 1967, when he became President, he was, at various times, a member of the ruling Command Council, deputy premier and prime minister. In November 1965 he led the Republican delegation to the Peace Conference at Harard on the coastal plain which was an attempt to bring an end to the civil war between the Republicans and the Royalists, as the partisans of the deposed Imam were called, who were backed mainly by the Saudis.

In early November 1967, when the Egyptians had just evacuated the Yemen, Abdullah Salal, who had been President since the revolution, was deposed in a peaceful military coup. Iryani formed the Republican Council consisting of himself as President and two other members. He was ousted in the coup of 1974 led by Ibrahim al-Hamdi and had to leave the Yemen. He set up residence in Damascus but in 1980 President Ali Abdullah Salih invited him back. Although he visited the Yemen regularly after that date he preferred to live most of the time in the Syrian capital.

Qadi Iryani possessed considerable political insight and sensitivity. He knew how to handle the most conservative of the Zaydi ulama, traditionalist tribal leaders, as well as Baathist and leftist intellectuals, and communicated brilliantly with them all. It is due very much to his efforts that the "national reconciliation" of 1970, when many prominent former royalists returned to Sanaa to take an active part in the government, turned out largely to be a success.

He was also a scholar and a poet. While in al-Qahira prison at Hajja he edited a collection of the poems of the renowned 18th/19th-century Yemeni poet Abd al-Rahman al-Anisi. Dur-



Iryani: political insight

ing his retirement he edited an edition of an important work by the 17th-century Zaydi theologian Salih al-Maghall.

Iryani was a great patriot who resented foreign interference in Yemeni affairs whether it came from the Saudis, the Egyptians or from Socialist or Baathist Arab States. He strove unceasingly to unite North and South Yemen and so the eventual unification which took place when he was an old man of 80 must have brought him considerable happiness.

The Iryani family is still prominent in Yemen society, both politically and culturally. A nephew of the Qadi, Dr Abd al-Karim al-Iryani, is the deputy prime minister and minister of foreign affairs, his nephew and son-in-law Mutaahbar is a well-known scholar and poet, and his son Yahya is the Yemeni ambassador in Warsaw.

A. B. D. R. Eagle

Abd al-Rahman bin Yahya al-Iryani, politician, jurist and literary scholar: born Iryan, Yemen 1910; President of the Yemen Arab Republic 1967-74; married (five sons, two daughters); died Damascus, Syria 14 March 1998.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (Births, Adoptions, Marriages, Deaths, Memorial services, Wedding anniversaries, In Memoriam) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 3DL, telephoned to 071-293 2012 or faxed to 071-293 2010, and are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements must be submitted in writing (or faxed) and are charged at £10 a line, VAT extra. They should be accompanied by a daytime telephone number.

### Birthdays

Sir Patrick Brown, former Permanent Secretary, Department of Transport; 58; Mr Roy Cumerton, former chief constable, Dumfries and Galloway; 51; Mr Ian Cawsey MP; 58; Miss Julie Christie, actress; 58; Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Dalton, former deputy Supreme Allied Commander; 67; Mr Bradford Dillman, actor; 68; Sir John Gielgud CBE; 90; 94; Mr Gerry Giffman, former

trade union leader; 71; Mr Ivor Guest, writer on ballet; 78; Lord Hastings, former and former government minister; 80; Miss Maria Hebborn (Mrs John P. Hebborn), former actress; 81; The Most Rev Dr David Hope, Archbishop of York; 81; Paddy Hopkirk, racing rally driver; 65; Mr Julian Lloyd Webber, cellist; 47; Miss Lauretta Lynn, country singer; 68; Mr Michael Macgregor, actor; 68; Sir John Gielgud CBE; 90; 94; Mr Gerry Giffman, former

Lord Lieutenant of Orkney; 83; The Right Rev Michael Marshall, Priest-in-Charge, Holy Trinity, Stone Street; 62; Baroness Masham of Ilton; 63; The Rt Rev John Oliver, Bishop of Hereford; 63; Mr Patrick Ramsey, former Controller, BBC Scotland; 75; The Right Rev Leslie Rees, Assistant Bishop, Winchester; 79; Professor John Roberts, historian and former warden, Marston College, Oxford; 70; The Ven Raymond Roberts, former Chaplain

of the Fleet; 67; Mr David Skipper, education consultant; 67; Mr Red Steiger, actor; 73; Dr Howard Stone MP; 44; Baroness Symons of Vernham Dean, Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Foreign and Commonwealth Office; 47; Sir Peter Thompson, Life President, NFC; 70; Mr George Walker, former chairman and chief executive, Brent Walker; 69; Baroness Warnock, former mistress of Girton College, Cambridge; 74.

### Anniversaries

Births: Arnold Joseph Toynbee, historian; 1890; Francois Duvalier, Haitian dictator ("Papa Doc"); 1907. Deaths: Thomas George Frederick Handel, composer, violinist and organist; 1759; Ernest Devin, statesman and trade union leader; 1951; Agnes Elisabeth Lutyns (Mrs Edward Clark), composer; 1983; Simone de Beauvoir, writer and feminist; 1986; Leslie Charteris (Leslie Charles

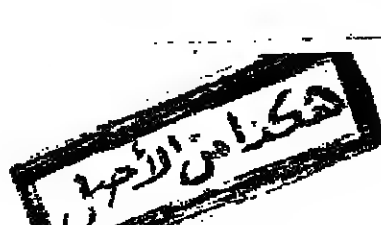
Bowyer Yin), novelist and creator of "The Saint"; 1993; Burl Ives (Burl Ives Ivanshoe Ives), actor and singer; 1995. On this day: Noah Webster's *American Dictionary of the English Language* published; 1828. Today is the Feast Day of Saints Anthony, John and Eustace, St Ardalun, St Benet, St Bernard of Tiron or Abbeville, St Caradoc, St John of Vilna, St Lambert of Lyons, Saints Theodorus, Valerius and Maximus and The Martyrs of Lithuania.

### ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

Princess Alexandra attends a 50th Anniversary Concert to be given by the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain at the Barbican Centre, Silk Street, London EC2.

### Changing of the Guard

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, (from 1st Battalion Welsh Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Scots Guard.





# With more cash chasing fewer shares, the bull run is not over

## THE WEEK AHEAD



DEREK PAIN

NEVER before have blue chips enjoyed such a majestic run. In only 10 weeks Footsie achieved a near 20 per cent advance and has just about doubled in the past four years - comfortably its most outstanding display in its 14 years existence.

Such a performance has, probably for the first time, silenced the bears. After being proved wrong so often they have, at least for the time being, decided to keep their collective heads below the parapet.

Clearly such heady progress cannot continue. But there appears to be a growing feeling that over the next few years shares, particularly blue chips, will make further headway. Some strategists are banking on Footsie at 6,000 by the end of this year and there is even talk of 8,000 as the millennium dawn.

Andy Hartwell, strategist at SG Securities, says: "We are

standing potentially on the threshold of a golden age for equities, particularly as Europe adopts further reforms to its pensions system and, with that, rebalances portfolios away from bonds towards equities."

He sees Footsie at 6,000 points at the end of this year and standing at 6,300 at millennium time.

Bob Semple and David McBain at NatWest Securities are also on 6,000 for this year. They say: "The bull run is not yet over. Looking out through 1999 the market will run to fresh highs."

As Mr Hartwell indicates, the sheer weight of money seeking a home will be a significant influence. Institutions are flush with cash. Some cash mountains have grown on the back of a reluctance to believe in the bull market; the continuing preference for cash rather than shares in takeover bids; the stream of special dividends and the seemingly un-

ending march of share buy-backs.

London - shares and sterling - is currently regarded as an ideal haven for overseas cash and the advent of the euro next year could even enhance its appeal still further.

Another often overlooked factor is the dwindling pool of shares. Besides the greater use of cash in takeover bids, shares are disappearing in the relentless pursuit of share buy-backs.

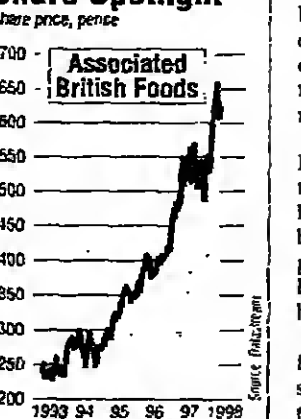
So pundits may huff and puff about the economy running out of steam. Some dismal souls even suggest a recession could soon be in play, but more and more cash chasing fewer and fewer shares represents a compelling argument for the continuing strength of equities, always assuming New York does not misbehave.

Much of this year's progress appears to stem from institutional investors rushing to try

and recapture the potential rewards they squandered by sitting complacently on the sidelines as the bull market romped ahead.

The arrival of Halifax and the rest and the raging speculation among financials, making up around 30 per cent of Footsie, was responsible for much of last year's progress.

Share Spotlight



This year's advance has been more evenly spread.

And, unlike last year, mid and small cap shares have enjoyed the bullish embrace. They were neglected for a long time. So, if on historic measurements, blue chip valuations may seem stretched there is still plenty of old fashioned value on the stock market under the card.

Indeed such has been the bargain hunting that small caps actually achieved the rare distinction of outperforming their blue chip peers last month.

A few hiccups occurred last week, leaving Footsie and the mid and small cap indices below their peaks. But it could be argued, shares needed to pause for breath after their earlier heroics. The question is: for how long?

The long bull run has wrong-footed the formidable army of strategists. Even the more optimistic have, in fact, been too

pessimistic as they underestimated Footsie's strength.

Messrs Semple and McBain are among those looking for a period of consolidation, Mr Hartwell, faced with the inevitable question how much better can it get, says the answer depends on your time scale. In the short term probably not a lot; longer term we may be on the threshold his "golden age".

The four days of this week may not offer much of a guide to the future. The shortened Easter weeks are not noted for their stock market displays. Many big hitters are away from their desks and, with some exceptions, most of the corporate action that does occur moves into the public domain to the dismay of those involved. They would much prefer to wait until the stock market is once again in full swing.

Only one blue chip is scheduled to disturb the expected lethargy. Associated

British Foods' six-month figures are unlikely to create much excitement.

The seemingly inexorable strength of sterling and the sale of ABF's Irish supermarkets will erode profits; a decline from £144m to around £180m is possible.

Mind you, ABF has the ability to produce a surprise. It is, following its Irish sale to Tesco, cash-rich and has the ammunition to mount a big takeover bid.

A strike at sugar group Tate & Lyle has long been rumoured. ABF's existing sugar operations would ensure monopoly problems. Still, there is a suspicion that if ABF was prepared to argue its case it could obtain clearance.

It has made at least two attempts to raid its £1bn-plus cash pile, bidding for Dalgety's agricultural products side and Elements' malts business. Each time it was rebuffed.

## Share Price Data

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Spotlight turns on UK groups after Wall Street deals launch two new US giants

## Mega-merger creates biggest American bank

By John Willcock

THE CURRENT bout of consolidation in the US banking industry took on an air of near panic yesterday morning as two mega-mergers were announced within an hour of each other, creating America's first and fifth biggest banks.

BankAmerica and NationsBank agreed to merge in a \$60bn stock swap, creating the largest bank in American history with \$570bn in assets.

The news followed Banc One's own \$29bn merger agreement with First Chicago NBD and came just one week after the \$70bn merger between Citicorp and Travelers Group.

The news sent bank shares surging in early trading in the US while the rest of the market on Wall Street, in contrast, suffered a poor day. BankAmerica rose \$5 to \$91.625 and NationsBank gained \$3.9375 to \$82.375. Banc One shares rose \$1.6875 to \$63.875 after its own announcement. Merrill Lynch joined in the action by jumping \$4.625 to \$99.5625 after the brokerage reported first-quarter earnings ahead of Wall Street estimates.

More American banks are expected to be swept up in the merger mania, with names like Chase Manhattan and JP Morgan being touted as possible candidates on Wall Street. Analysts said the most powerful spur was the lack of any obvious alternative strategy.

"There's not a lot of revenue growth in banking," said Diane Glessman, an analyst at Lehman Brothers. "People are looking for a variety of ways to pump up revenues and come up with the means to spend on technology."

NationsBank, based in North Carolina, and BankAmerica, based in San Francisco, said their merger would not result in any earnings dilution and would establish a company with \$45bn in shareholder equity and a market capitalisation of \$133bn.

### World's biggest financial institutions

	Market cap \$bn
Travelers/Citicorp	156
NationsBank/BankAmerica	133
Lloyds TSB	88
HSBC Holdings	81
Famille Maes	70
UBS/SBC	67
Chase Manhattan	61
ING Group	61
Bank of Tokyo-Mitsubishi	55

### Biggest banks in the US

	Total assets \$bn
NationsBank/BankAmerica	\$523.2
Chase Manhattan	\$365.5
Citibank	\$310.0
J.P. Morgan	\$282.2
Banc One-First Chicago	\$230.0
First Union	\$206.7
Wells Fargo	\$140.1
Wells Fargo	\$87.5
Norwest	\$83.5
Fleet	\$83.5

Hugh McColl, chief executive of NationsBank, who will become chairman of the merged bank, predicted: "Our earnings will approach \$10bn in our first year together. We will serve 29 million households and 2 million businesses. We will rank number one by a wide margin in domestic deposits with an 8.1 per cent US market share."

He said: "This is a watershed in the financial services industry. Together we will be America's bank."

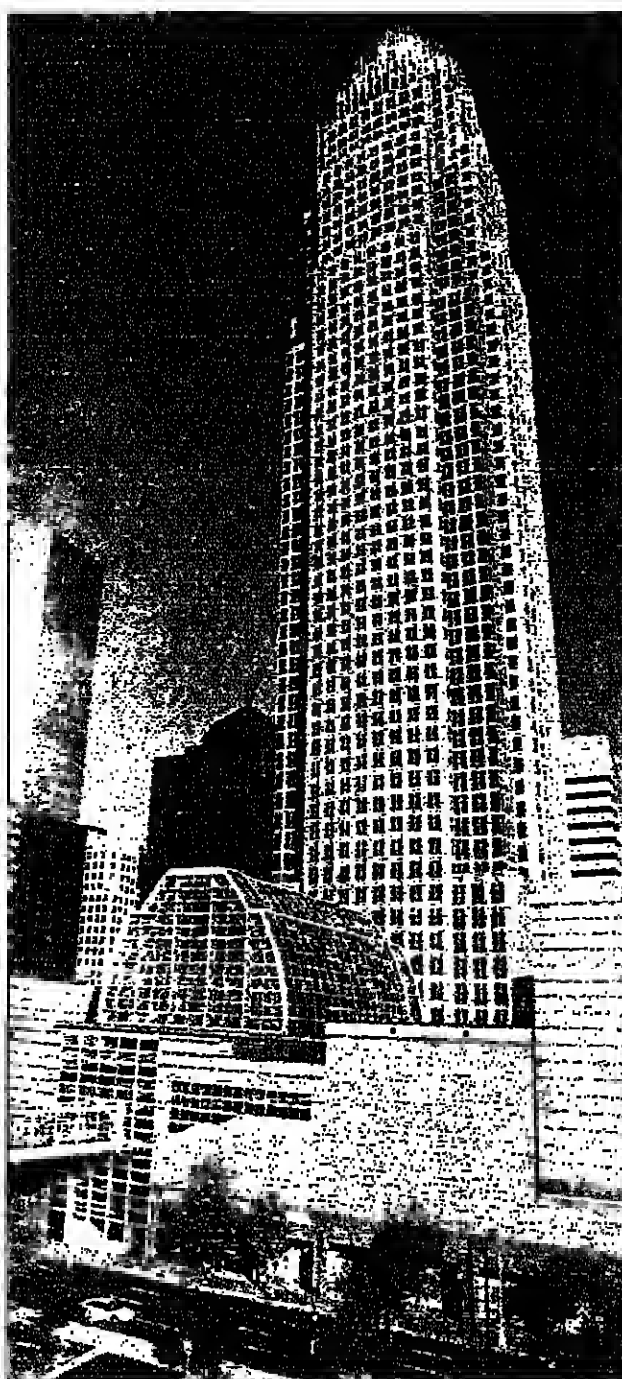
David Coulter, chairman and chief executive of BankAmerica, said population growth in the two regions served by the banks would be a major factor, estimated to grow by 9 million people between 1996 and 2001.

John B. McCoy, chief executive officer of Banc One, said yesterday that once the merger with First Chicago NBD was complete, the merged company might seek more acquisitions. He also stressed the need to create a cross-selling financial services group. "That's really what we want to provide - one stop shopping," he said.

When asked whether the bank would look to buy a stockbroker or move into other regions, Mr McCoy said: "I think it's very possible that we will look at a number of areas and those that help us be national, those that fit in with our strategy are very logical to do."

He said the merger with First Chicago would result in fewer employees for the combined company, but that much of the reduction was likely to come through attrition.

"Most everyone who has a job



Aiming high: The NationsBank corporate offices (left) tower over the skyline of Charlotte, North Carolina; The BankAmerica flag (above) flies outside company headquarters in San Francisco; Hugh McColl (below), NationsBank chief executive, says the merger will create 'America's bank'



today that wants a job will still be able to be employed because this transaction will take five months to get approved," he said. "So with attrition and everything, I think most of the employees will be very comfortable."

Banc One, based in Columbus, Ohio, will own 60 per cent of the new company, which will be based in Chicago. The merged bank will have 2,000 branches and be the US's biggest lender to small businesses. It will also be the sec-

ond-largest credit card issuer, second only to Citicorp.

The deal was struck after both companies had difficulty increasing revenues after earlier mergers. First Chicago merged with Detroit-based NBD in 1996, a merger of equals that didn't perform as well as expected. Banc One last year imposed more central control over its once-independent local banks and bought the country's third-largest credit card company.

John B. McCoy will become chief executive and president of the company. First Chicago chairman and chief executive Verne Istock will become chairman.

As if to emphasise the global nature of banking consolidation, Greek shares soared yesterday after Bank of Piraeus unexpectedly offered the highest bid for a controlling stake in Macedonian Thrace Bank, a bank controlled by three state banks.

## Deal should send European shares soaring

By Andrew Yates

EUROPEAN banking shares are expected to soar today as shock waves from two of the biggest financial deals the world has ever seen reverberate around the world's stock markets.

Merger mania gripped Wall Street yesterday, adding billions to the value of US financial stocks, after BankAmerica and NationsBank announced a \$60bn merger and Banc One and First Chicago unveiled a \$30bn partnership which will create the largest and fifth biggest banks in America respectively.

Banking shares jumped for the second time in seven days yesterday as analysts predicted that the consolidation in the industry still had some way to go and more mega-deals could be just around the corner.

US financial stocks have already risen to record highs in the wake of last week's announcement that Citicorp and Travelers Group were to merge to create an \$800bn financial powerhouse in the largest deal in corporate history.

The fundamental restructuring of the world's banking system initiated by the Americans is likely to change the face of the global finance industry and have widespread implications for most European banks.

The deals will once again turn the bid spotlight on UK banks, and analysts expect the news to send their shares, and the stock market generally, to new heights. The banking sector has already enjoyed a storming run over the last few months, comfortably outperforming the wider stock market and seeing stock prices rise to record levels.

The move will put increasing pressure on UK banks to consider mergers and, some City observers believe that it is

only a matter of time before several of Britain's financial giants have to join forces to compete with the banking golems being created across the Atlantic.

High street giants such as NatWest, Barclays, Halifax and Royal Bank of Scotland could be likely merger or takeover candidates, and consolidation in the sector could see some of Britain's best known banking names disappear over the next few years.

The American deals will also increase pressure for cross-border deals to create a pan-European bank.

The rapid consolidation of the US banking sector is likely to prompt banks such as Lloyds TSB, which has already announced, it is looking for significant new purebases, to accelerate expansion plans and hit the acquisition trail.

As well as a sharp rise in the shares in all four American banks involved in the mergers yesterday, other financial stocks such as JP Morgan and Merrill Lynch and regional banking groups leapt upwards as US traders speculated on who would be next takeover target. However Citicorp's and Travelers' stock slipped after the sharp rise in their share prices last week as the market reacted to the creation of two significant new competitors.

US analysts said they expected Chase Manhattan, currently the largest US bank, to make a strike in the wake of the deals announced yesterday and believe it could be eyeing up Merrill Lynch. JP Morgan could attract a big investment bank such as Morgan Stanley Dean Witter.

Regional banks such as PNC Bank, KeyCorp, Wells Fargo & Co. and Fleet Financial Group are also likely to be considering mergers.

## Domestic economy 'unhurt by the strong pound'

THE STRONG pound is not harming Britain's domestic economy, however much it is harming exports, according to a post-Budget survey of business expectations by Dun & Bradstreet, the business information group. Confidence in exports has reached its lowest level for seven years, but the survey suggests that businesses are expecting the fall off in growth in the UK to be gradual and that the economy is heading for a soft landing. Business leaders are still confident about increasing sales and profits.

### Hepher set for £1m payoff

MICHAEL HEPHER could receive a payoff of more than £1m after stepping down as chief executive of Charterhouse Bank, less than two and a half years after receiving a similar golden handshake for leaving his post as group managing director of BT. Mr Hepher has left the group in the wake of the decision by Credit Commercial de France to buy the remaining 50 per cent stake in Charterhouse owned by BHE, the German bank.

### Mis-selling costs could rise

BACON & WOODROW, the actuaries, have warned that with-profit policyholders, independent financial advisers and insurance company shareholders are having to bear the brunt of the cost of clearing up the pensions mis-selling scandal. The company estimates that the total cost of the scandal could rise to £22bn if all investors responded to requests for information.

### Ofex float for medical system

HEALIX, which has developed a computer information system to give doctors patient information and help track diseases, has announced plans to float on the Ofex market at the end of next month. It is hoping to raise £1.5m to market the system, valuing the group at around £4m. Graham Sewell, chief executive, and Laurence Greenham, publishing and communications director, will own shares worth almost £1m each after the flotation.

## GUS wins £544m battle for Metromail

By Andrew Yates

GUS, the catalogue retailer, has taken control of Metromail, the American marketing database group, for \$910m (£544m) after winning a bitter bid battle with ABL, its US rival.

GUS has amassed 91 per cent of the group, overcoming ABL's legal challenge to the bid and ending any possibility of an eleven-hour higher offer from a competitor.

GUS will now be able to concentrate on winning another prized target: Argos, the catalogue retailer. Stuart Rose, Argos's newly installed chief executive, is embarking on a frantic round of meetings with institutional shareholders next week in an effort to thwart GUS's £1.9bn hostile bid for the group.

City observers believe the outcome of the deal remains on a knife edge, although Mr Rose faces a difficult task persuading shareholders to ignore the cash offer.

The acquisition of Metromail will make GUS one of the largest providers of tailor-

made marketing information in the US and further its ambition to become a global force in the industry.

Metromail specialises in providing lists for retailers and phone companies which can be used to target customers. It attempts to identify those people who are most likely to buy its clients' products.

For example, some of its main customers are nappy makers who pay Metromail for lists of expectant mothers. However, along with rivals it has been blamed for adding to the amount of junk mail put through people's letter boxes every day. Metromail's sales have doubled to \$329m (£197m) since 1993 and the group employs 3,200 people. GUS will merge Metromail's databases with those of Experian, its existing marketing information group, which serves mainly financial services groups.

Experian specialises in identifying different social groupings from post codes and providing credit checks for banks and financial institutions.

## Asia's economic crisis will slow world growth, says IMF

From John Carlin in Washington

THE International Monetary Fund forecast yesterday that world growth would slow to 3.1 per cent this year, down from 4.1 per cent in 1997, as Asia's economic flu spreads its contagion around the globe.

But, according to the IMF's World Economic Outlook report released yesterday in Washington, growth would recover to 3.7 per cent in 1999.

The report, a diagnosis of the economic health of IMF member states, painted a largely rosy panorama for all parts of the world with the exception of Asia. Among the major industrialised nations it is Japan's outlook that is by far the gloomiest.

"Risks are about evenly balanced around the world growth forecast," IMF chief economist Michael Mussa told a news conference yesterday. "We may have upside potential for North America and Continental Europe, but there is some downside risk in Asia and a number

of other developing countries heavily dependant on commodity exports."

The IMF report said that Japan would be hit more strongly by Asia's economic turmoil than any other G-7 nation because of its high lending levels to the region and its tight trade links.

Mr Mussa said the IMF expected zero growth in Japan this year, but added that could be optimistic.

"Zero could be hard to

achieve," he said. "It looks as if during the first half of this year we are looking at GDP heading down ... The fiscal stimulus offers some reasonable hope that in the second half there will be some resumption of positive growth."

Asia's woes had had a short-term beneficial effect, by contrast, on the US economy by preventing it from overheating after eight years of impressive growth. But the negative impact of the Asia crisis on American

trade could hurt the dollar, prompting a possible adjustment of the booming stock market.

"In the United States the crisis and its repercussions appear for the time being to have obviated the need for a tightening of monetary policy to restrain the growth of demand," Mr Mussa said, but he added: "If the economy doesn't slow down by itself we may see the Fed having to firm monetary conditions some time later this year."

The IMF report said there was little risk of global deflation, conditions being significantly different from those experienced during the Great Depression of 1929. If the signs were that global growth was going to slow down further central banks would react by lowering interest rates.

"Fortunately growth in North America and western Europe has been well sustained and appears likely to remain so in the period ahead," the report said.

Economic growth			
per cent	1997	1998 forecast	1999 forecast
Global	4.1	3.1	3.8
US	3.8	2.9	3.8
EU	2.7	2.7	3.2
Japan	0.9	0.1	1.8
S. Korea	5.5	4.8	4.1
Developing Countries	5.8	4.0	5.3
Asia	4.7	4.4	5.9
Central & S. America	5.0	3.1	4.3
Former Eastern Bloc	1.7	2.9	4.8
Central & E. Europe	2.6	3.9	4.2
Russia	0.4	1.4	5.6

### STOCK MARKETS

FTSE 100					
Index	Close	Change	Change %	52 wk high	52 wk low
FTSE 100	6109.50	0.00	0.00	6134.92	4231.80
FTSE 250	5629.50	0.00	0.00	5662.80	4384.50
FTSE 350	2930.40	0.00	0.00	2934.00	2089.50
FTSE All Share	2844.25	0.00	0.00	2859.29	2070.00
FTSE SmallCap	2634.30	0.00	0.00	2641.30	2182.10
FTSE Floating	1410.35	0.00	0.00	1415.30	1225.20
FTSE AIM	1063.20	0.00	0.00	1065.70	365.90
Dow Jones	8952.02	-41.34	-0.47	9094.78	6359.78
Nikkei	16317.58	-163.51	-0.99	20810.79	14483.21
Hang Seng	11342.02	-27.56	-0.24	16620.31	7998.13
Dax	3517.00	-47.78	-1.35	3537.05	3256.98

### INTEREST RATES

UK interest rates					
Index	3 month	6 month	1 year	2 year	5 year
UK	7.55	1.11	7.54	0.51	5.75
US	5.46	4.76	5.73	0.89	5.88
Japan	0.69	0.72	0.70	0.61	1.95
Germany	3.52	0.40	1.92	0.52	4.65

US interest rates					
Index	3 month	6 month	1 year	2 year	5 year
US	5.46	4.76	5.73	0.89	5.88
Japan	0.69	0.72	0.70	0.61	1.95
Germany	3.52	0.40	1.92	0.52	4.65

Bond Yields					
Index	3 month	6 month	1 year	2 year	5 year
UK	7.55	1.11	7.54	0.51	5.75
US	5.46	4.76	5.73	0.89	5.88
Japan	0.69	0.72	0.70	0.61	1.95
Germany	3.52	0.40	1.92	0.52	4.65

MAIN PRICE CHANGES					
Rises	Falls	Price up	Down	% Change	% Change
FTSE 100	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
FTSE 250	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
FTSE 350	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
FTSE All Share	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
FTSE SmallCap	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
FTSE Floating	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
FTSE AIM	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
Dow Jones	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
Nikkei	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
Hang Seng	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00
Dax	35.00	3.00	3.00	0.00	0.00

### CURRENCIES

\$/£					
Index	Close	Change	Yr Ago	52 wk high	52 wk low
Dollar	1.6733	0.0000	1.6227	1.6733	1.6227
D-Mark	3.0445	+0.0001	2.7360	3.0445	2.7360
Yen	215.94	-11.78	206.04	215.94	206.04
£ index	107.30	0.00	99.70	107.30	99.70

\$/DM					
Index	Close	Change	Yr Ago	52 wk high	52 wk low
Stirling	0.6978	0.0000	0.6163	0.6978	0.6163
RP	1.8911	0.0000	1.7298	1.8911	1.7298
Yen	129.41	-10.75	126.57	129.41	126.57
£ index	109.30	0.00	105.90	109.30	105.90

Pound					
Index	Close	Change	Yr Ago	52 wk high	52 wk low
Brand Oil (\$)	13.05	0.00	17.38	13.05	17.38
Gold (\$)	310.55	2.80	346.25	310.55	346.25
Silver (\$)	6.41	0.00	4.79	6.41	4.79

OTHER INDICATORS					
Index	Close	Change	Yr Ago	52 wk high	52 wk low
US GDP (\$)	114.10	2.90	110.88	114.10	110.88
EU GDP (\$)	160.30	3.40	155.03	160.30	155.03
Base Rates	7.25	6.00		7.25	6.00

### TOURIST RATES

Australia (\$)		2,452.8	
Austria (schillings)	20.70		
Belgium (francs)	80.84		
Canada (\$)	2,321.6		
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8581		
Denmark (krone)	11.32		
Finland (markka)	0.0213		
France (francs)	9.8857		
Germany (marks)	2.9904		
Greece (drachmas)	512.56		
Hong Kong (\$)	12.57		
Ireland (pounds)	1.1698		
Israel (shekels)	5.8793		
Italy (lire)	2926		
Japan (yen)	217.79		
Malaysia (ringgits)	3.8391		
Malta (lira)	0.6365		
Netherlands (guilders)	3,321.0		
New Zealand (\$)	2,918.7		
Norway (krone)	12.32		
Portugal (escudos)	300.38		
Saudi Arabia (rials)	0.0952		
Singapore (\$)	2,549.0		
Spain (pesetas)	249.35		
South Africa (rand)	8.0864		
Sweden (krona)	12.86		
Switzerland (francs)	2.4651		
Thailand (bahts)	80.34		
Turkey (liras)	399.811		
USA (\$)	1.6341		

Rates for indication purposes only  
Source: Thomas Cook















# O'Meara emerges from the shadows

By Andy Farrell  
in Augusta

THERE IS a practice match at Meworth, in Orlando, that takes place the week before the Masters, which everyone will now want to join, for the simple reason that it has provided the last two winners at Augusta National.

A year ago, Tiger Woods shot a 59 and then won the Masters by a record 12 strokes. This year, Mark O'Meara birdied the last three holes to beat Woods. On Sunday, he birdied three of the last four holes at Augusta National to beat Fred Couples and David Duval by a shot in the 62nd US Masters. Woods then slipped the famous green jacket onto the shoulders of his friend.

O'Meara, at 41, won his first professional major championship to cap a career which had seen 14 previous victories, but none of them really memorable ones.

The winner is not always memorable, either. Only this week in Augusta, someone in a restaurant asked O'Meara whether he was Mark McCumber. "It happens all the time," O'Meara said. "Either McCumber or Tom Lehman. Maybe now people will recognise me as Mark O'Meara, the Masters champion."

O'Meara admitted practising with Woods since the youngster, 19 years his junior, had forced him to elevate his game. O'Meara usually asks for a shot on the par-fives, but at the presentation ceremony, Woods

told him: "You're the champion now, you have to give me shots."

It also ranked with O'Meara that Jack Nicklaus was allowed to count his two US Amateur titles as majors, but O'Meara, who won the same title in 1979, was not. But he was not as worried as others about the lack of a major on his CV.

"I have no desire to trade places with Tiger Woods," he said. "I don't need to be a superstar, just a good player and a good father and parent. I don't classify myself as a great player like a Nicklaus or Hogan or Sarazen."

"To win a major is a dream come true but given all the other things I have done in my career, I never put myself down for not winning one."

It was a silly punter, still the first requirement for a Masters winner, that allowed O'Meara to slip past Couples and Duval.

On a typically thrilling Sunday afternoon at Augusta, Couples missed a short birdie chance at the 17th but then drove into sand at the last and caught another greenside bunker.

O'Meara, who holed two long putts early in his round, birdied the 15th, then holed from six feet at the 17th. He finished with a left-to-right 15-footer at the last. "I told myself,

Couples missed a short birdie chance at the 17th but then drove into sand at the last and caught another greenside bunker.

O'Meara, who holed two long putts early in his round, birdied the 15th, then holed from six feet at the 17th. He finished with a left-to-right 15-footer at the last. "I told myself,

make the putt, there's no need for a play-off," O'Meara said.

Woods, who closed with a 70 to finish six strokes back, conceded his swing was off over the week. He added: "The funny thing is I didn't put as much pressure on myself as last year. Unfortunately, I didn't win, but I enjoyed the experience more."

If Duval, 27, had won, it

would have been the fourth victory for a twentysomething to the last five majors. But this Masters restored the view that golf is a game for all ages. There was Gary Brewer on day one, Gary Player making the cut and Nicklaus's extraordinary sixth place finish on his 40th appearance. "Every time I think I'm washed up, and everybody

else does, I seem to play a little better," the 58-year-old said. "I hope I'm still alive at 58, let alone playing in the Masters." Colin Montgomerie said, "Moody had his best ever finish, at eighth, and revised his view of a year ago that he would overwin at Augusta. 'I might win here, but I'd have to do everything right. I still did not putt

well enough. You have to be aggressive, but at the right times." The Scot's 122 putts for the week compared horribly with O'Meara's 105.

Darren Clarke, finished alongside Monty, Woods and Justin Leonard, a fine showing on his debut. "This is important for my career," he said. "I have always played poorly in the States before. I'm looking forward to Hiltop Head next week with renewed enthusiasm."

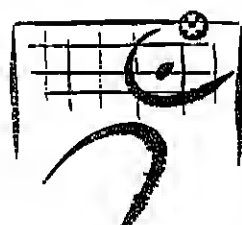
The European enthusiasm for Augusta continues, even if not providing the winner for the last two years is not what we are used to. Per-Ulrik Johansson, the Swede with the reversed beret, finished 12th for the second time in two attempts and tied with Jose Maria Olazabal. Ian Woosnam was a shot further back, and his 16th place was the 1991 winner's third best result.

## Mark O'Meara

**factfile**  
1957 Born 13 January  
1979 Won the US Amateur Championship - beating John Cook  
1980 Turned professional  
1981 Named the USPGA Tour Rookie of the Year  
1984 Took his first USPGA Tour title - Greater Milwaukee Open  
1985 Part of the USA team that lost the Ryder Cup at the Belfry  
1986 Won the Australian Masters  
1987 First European Tour win - Lawrence Batley International  
1989 Helped the US draw 14-14 in the Ryder Cup, again at The Belfry  
1991 Won the Ryder Cup with the US at Gleneagles, Ireland  
1996 Part of the 1996 US team that won the Ryder Cup at the Belfry  
1997 Won the Lannec Trophy in France just two weeks before the Ryder Cup, finished 5th on the US money list with over \$1m for the season  
1998 Wins Masters - his first major

Final Scores from the US Masters											
(US unless stated)											
M O'Meara	279	74 70 63 67	P-J Johansson (Swe)	286	74 75 67 70	S Jones	290	75 70 75 70	T Kite	296	73 74 74 74
O Duval	280	71 68 74 67	J M Olszki (Pol)	286	70 72 71 72	O Ford (SA)	291	72 73 75 71	B Langer (Ger)	296	73 73 74 74
F Couples	281	69 70 71 70	J Haas	72 71 71 72	P Faxon	291	73 74 71 72	P Stankovic	297	70 70 72 74	
J Furyk	282	75 76 67 68	P Mickelson	75 69 68 74	M Bradley	291	73 74 72 72	C Pavin	297	73 77 72 77	
P Anker	282	71 72 69 70	I Woosnam (GB)	287	73 71 72 70	S Elkington (Aus)	292	75 75 71 71	G Stedler	297	70 69 72 77
D Toms	283	73 72 72 74	M Galwech (Sca)	287	73 71 72 71	J Ramewicz (Swe)	293	75 75 71 71	J Cook	298	75 73 74 75
J Leonard	285	73 72 72 78	E Elie (SA)	288	70 75 70 72	A Magee	294	74 72 74 73	L Westwood (GB)	301	74 70 72 75
D Clarke (GB)	285	73 72 69 69	S Hoot	70 71 73 73	P Macgregor (Swe)	294	71 78 75 71	A Kibbel	302	77 72 74 75	
T Woods	285	71 72 70 71	W Wood	72 75 68 72	L Larson	294	74 72 72 72	G Player (SA)	302	77 72 74 75	
C Montgomerie (GB)	285	71 72 69 70	"M Kuchner"	289	71 73 68 70	F Zoske	295	71 74 75 74			"champion's amateur"
			S Onli	72 71 70 71	J Daly	295	77 71 71 73				
			J Huston	72 71 70 71	D Love	295	74 75 67 78				
			J Moggert	72 71 70 72							

## PHILIPS ECOTONE



Today we publish the results of The Independent Fantasy Football League. Due to the holiday period fully updated results will appear on Sunday 19th April. The league table includes all scores up to March 29th. The player list includes scores from all games played until April 5th. Neither set of scores includes results from the FA Cup. The overall winner at the end of the season will win a pair of tickets to the World Cup finals in France, this summer.

Every time one of your players score you get four points. There are four points for a keeper or a defender every time their team keeps a clean sheet. If a player scores the winning goal, i.e. if there is a one goal difference in the scoreline, the player scoring the final goal for the winning team is awarded 1 bonus point awarded in addition to standard goal related points. Each successful Assist, a pass judged by our experts to lead directly to a goal, will give a player 3 points. The opinion of our experts on the matter is final. Each player selected and starting a game will be awarded one point.

If a player is given a Yellow Card they lose 1 point, if a player is given a Red Card they lose 3 points. Own goals, either scored or conceded, do not count. The Premiership Manager that you choose will be awarded 3 points if their real-life team wins, 1 point is awarded if they draw and no points are given if they lose. Updated player scores and league tables will be published every Tuesday in The Independent and repeated the following Sunday in The Independent on Sunday.

**HOW TO SCORE**

- Player scores: 4 points per goal
- Clean sheet: 4 points
- Winning goal: 1 point
- Successful assist: 3 points
- Yellow card: -1 point
- Red card: -3 points
- Manager's team wins: 3 points
- Draw: 1 point
- Lose: 0 points

## Independent Fantasy Football

LEAGUE TABLE			
CALCULATED ON MATCHES PLAYED FROM 8 AUGUST - 29 MARCH			
Rank	Team	Points	Manager
1	Mr D Edmington	Edmo United	970
2	Mr Archer	No Wright	965
3	Mr J Hayes	Early Birds	963
4	Mr C King	Seckling Victory	961
5	Mr P Tuller	Pin Ups 4	961
6	Mr D Evans	Bootham End Old Boys	961
7	Mr J Cox	Southville FC	961
8	Mr B Sari	Simply The Best	954
9	Mr D Sari	The Untouchables	950
10	Mr D Baker	Deia Vu	950
11	Mr D Aston	Billys Boys 2nd 11	950
12	Mr S Scott	Unbeatable	948
13	Mr A Choudi	Nokes 9th 11	944
14	Mr J Boyle	Wembley Bounders	940
15	Mr A Wingrove	Tonys Boys	940
16	Mr T Lyons	Diamond Demons	940
17	Mr G Bell	The Hare Monsters	938
18	Mr M Pawley	Roberts Raiders	936
19	Mr P Cridland	PDC's	932
20	Mr S Aston	Lilly Boys 2nd 11	930
21	Mr S Boyle	Clouston Rovers	929
22	Mr S Scott	The Dream Team	927
23	Mr A Cunningham	The Zebra	927
24	Mr M Evans	Mike's C Team	926
25	Mr T Brazier	Wool For Short	926
26	Mr I Brown	The Houders	925
27	Mr J McCrossan	Washed Up Army	923
28	Mr L Wild	Amaretto FC	922
29	Mr D Ackroyd	Jack's Lads	919
30	Mr A Gromley	Celtic Warriors 2	917
31	No Name	Leo Dis	917
32	Mr M Evans	Mike's B Team	917
33	Mr A Cottrell	Bray Dynamo	915
34	Mr M Evans	Joe Started But Will I Finish	914
35	Mr M Evans	Mike's A Team	914
36	Mr A Mitchell	The Eye For It	914
37	Mr D Thomas	Seathrepe Extras	912
38	Mr S Mann	Rebecca Rovers	911
39	Mr J Cox	Retro Rovers	911
40	Mr B Baker	Mambo Mambo	910
41	Mr F Coleton	Leggers Lunatics	910

GOALKEEPERS			
NO.	PLAYER	TEAM	PTS.
455	Cox	BUL	29
456	Ellen	BUL	12
457	Fairbough	BUL	0
458	Teggin	BUL	0
459	Bergman	BUL	0
460	Duberry	CHI	4
461	Purbeck	CHI	4
462	Limbo	CHI	4
463	Lebedev	CHI	5
464	Sensitz	CHI	1
465	Dashi	CHI	0
466	Shan	CHI	0
467	Impe	CUN	0
468	Harvorth	CUN	0
469	Edwards	CUN	0
470	McGowan	CUN	0
471	McGowan	CUN	0
472	Edwards	CUN	0
473	McGowan	CUN	0
474	Edwards	CUN	0
475	McGowan	CUN	0
476	Edwards	CUN	0
477	McGowan	CUN	0
478	Edwards	CUN	0
479	McGowan	CUN	0
480	Edwards	CUN	0
481	McGowan	CUN	0
482	Edwards	CUN	0
483	McGowan	CUN	0
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540	Edwards	CUN	0
541	McGowan	CUN	0
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Nationwide League: City Ground set for Premiership football, Sunderland struggle and Middlesbrough revive while Watford step up

# Premier ambition ambushed by Hughes

By Phil Shaw

West Bromwich Albion 3  
Sunderland 0

SUNDERLAND'S prospects of taking the second automatic promotion place, which now appears their most realistic route back to the Premiership, suffered a setback at The Hawthorns yesterday when Lee Hughes earned West Bromwich a point with only 75 seconds of a pulsating contest remaining.

There was a certain symmetry to the carrot-topped striker's goal, for he had also fired Albion ahead 70 seconds into the match. In between, the home side saw a two-goal lead wiped out before the interval, by which time Sunderland were depleted by the dismissal of Michael Gray.

The 10 men seized the initiative through Niall Quinn's second goal but they eventually succumbed to mounting Albion pressure, and now hold second place ahead of Charlton and Middlesbrough only on the basis of having scored more goals.

While Premier passions may be driving Sunderland's season, much of their defence was strictly Nationwide League standard. Last Friday they squandered a 2-0 lead at home to Queens Park Rangers, and they carried on when they left off as Albion ran amok in the first 12 minutes.

Hughes, unmarked in a crowded box, drove in the first goal. Lionel Perez then saved asthetically from the scorer and Steve Nicol had a fierce volley blocked, but Albion broke through again following a sweeping move along their right flank.

Sean Flynn, having marked Paul Gascoigne after the match against Middlesbrough, now revealed his constructive side with

a fine pass to Andy McDermott. The full-back's cross was met by a firm header by Kevin Kilbane. Within six minutes Sunderland found the net for the 27th successive First Division fixture. Albion appealed in vain for offside as Niall Quinn controlled Allan Johnston's cross on his chest before spoiling Chris Adamson's hopes of a clean sheet on his home debut.

Ten minutes later, Sunderland were level. McDermott and Shaun Murphy made a hash of Nicky Summerbee's centre and Kevin Phillips pounced for his 29th goal of the season.

A lively duel between Gray and James Quinn spilled over into malevolence in the 37th minute. The Sunderland defender, who had dispossessed his opponent with an excellent tackle, foolishly kicked out in response to provocative contact by the Albion winger and was sent off for violent conduct.

The referee, Mr. Lomas, further contributed to the drama by pulling a muscle in first-half stoppage time. His senior assistant, a Mr. Millership, had been in charge only five minutes when Sunderland stole in front.

A pass by the outstanding Lee Clark found Niall Quinn in splendid isolation. The Republic of Ireland striker lobbed the ball home via Adamson's outstretched palm for his 15th goal this season.

Albion may have won only three of 20 League games under Denis Smith, a former Sunderland manager, but they summoned sufficient spirit to take a point. Hughes, fastening on to Nicol's pass, angled a low drive across Perez.

West Bromwich Albion (4-4-2): Anderson; McDermott, Barry, Murphy, 29; Carroll, Van der Vaart, 18; Kilbane, 24; Phillips, 25; Gray, 26; Smith, 27; Quinn, 28; Adamson, 29. Substitutes not used: O'Sullivan, 30; Flynn, 31; Perez, 32; Hoolahan, 33; Gray, 34; Smith, 35; Quinn, 36; Adamson, 37. Referee: E. Lomas (Middlesbrough); 15 minutes.



Andy Johnson scores the first of Nottingham Forest's three goals against Wolves at the City Ground yesterday

Photograph: John Sumner/Emphas

# Charlton prosper as rivals stumble

Round-up

CHARLTON ATHLETIC capitalised on Sunderland's failure to beat West Bromwich yesterday by winning 1-0 at Port Vale. Clive Mendonca's 73rd-minute penalty put them level on points with Sunderland and Middlesbrough, the two North-east giants they are competing against for automatic promotion from the First Division along with Nottingham Forest.

The Londoners were fortunate, however, because Vale

wasted several chances before Charlton's Danny Mills was brought down by efforts of Allen Tankard and Jan Jansson, and Mendonca scored from the spot.

With Vale battling against relegation, the tension boiled over into a fracas after a Stewart Talbot shot was blocked on the line by Mills.

The Brazilian striker Marcelo struck in the 81st minute to earn Sheffield United a 1-1 draw at Swindon and move them closer to a place in the promotion play-offs. Marcelo rose

unmarked at the far post to send in a looping header to cancel out the headed goal by Mark Walters in the 33rd minute.

Portsmouth's manager, Alan Ball, said his side were lucky to escape with a 1-0 beating by Ipswich at Fratton Park, where David Johnson's 27th goal of the season gave Ipswich the points. The striker also missed a penalty as Ipswich stepped up their promotion push.

Ball, who is to be offered a five-year contract to stay at Fratton Park even if he fails to

save the club from relegation, said: "We were lucky that we are still in a shout because Ipswich should have beaten us by a bigger margin."

Watford's manager, Graham Taylor, shared a glass of wine with his opposite number, John Ward, after his side's 1-1 draw with Bristol City at Aston Gate meant they would be joining City in the First Division next season. City remain one point clear at the top with three games to go.

Jason Lee, Watford's former Nottingham Forest striker,

opened the scoring in the 64th minute but Bristol equalised within four minutes through Robert Edwards.

Taylor said: "It's now a three-match championship and the most important thing today was that we didn't lose. Had that happened John's team would have been right in the box seat."

Ward said mere promotion would not be satisfactory. "I want my players to get their medals as winners of the division to have them as mementoes of a great season," he said.

# Adebola strikes late to blow City's cover

By Derick Allsop

Manchester City 0  
Birmingham City 1

DELE ADEBOLA produced a late goal unbecomingly much that had gone before to sustain Birmingham's thoughts of a place in the play-offs and deepened the gloom at Maine Road.

Manchester City appeared to have eked out another, potentially crucial, point in the scramble for First Division survival

when, two minutes from the end, Adebola set off on a gallop from the half-way line, brushing aside all feeble resistance, and expertly clipped his shot inside the far post.

Joe Royle's team summoned a desperate rally deep into stoppage time and Ian Bennett saved splendidly from Shaun Goater, but in truth Manchester had invited this catastrophe.

Birmingham had ambled aimlessly through the first half, before realising their opposition

would be incapable of matching a semblance of imaginative, cohesive football.

Manchester had their opportunities, including a Gerard Wickens shot which thundered against the Birmingham crossbar, but began spinning other chances in the ninth minute.

Michael Johnson's error allowed in Jamie Pollock and the hapless midfielder player managed only a feeble effort straight at Bennett. Wickens was more positive when Birmingham

failed to clear Kevin Horlock's free-kick and his 20-yard volley bounced down off the underside of the bar. Lee Bradbury was left clear as Goater's flicked header yet dragged his shot across goal. After the break the visitors made up their minds to be more assertive, with an inevitable consequence.

Manchester, pinning their faith on a central back three, were given scant flexibility by their central midfield players, who generally sat too deep.

Horlock apart, no one had the poise or perception to create something out of the ordinary. Pollock, carrying the banner into battle as the club's latest captain, provided the predictable, clenched fist gestures, but none of this will compensate for his lack of basic footballing acumen and by the end of the afternoon the home fans were beginning to see through his flimsy cover. What, you wonder, would George Kinkadee make of it all?

Trevor Francis shuffled his

pack and switched to a back five for the second half and Martin O'Connor should have given Birmingham the lead in the 48th minute. Instead, he miscued as he met Adebola's diagonal pass and pushed the ball wide. Adebola made spectacular atonement on his behalf.

Manchester City (3-5-2): Harrison; Egan, Johnson, Brammar, 72; Williams, Vaughan, Horlock, Bishop, Brown, 68; Pollock, Whitley, Goater, Bradbury, 70; Horlock, 71; Goater, 72; Bradbury, 73; Bishop, 74; Brown, 75; Williams, 76; Vaughan, 77; Harrison, 78; Egan, 79; Johnson, 80; Brammar, 81; Williams, 82; Vaughan, 83; Horlock, 84; Bishop, 85; Pollock, 86; Whitley, 87; Goater, 88; Bradbury, 89; Horlock, 90; Goater, 91; Bradbury, 92; Bishop, 93; Brown, 94; Williams, 95; Vaughan, 96; Harrison, 97; Egan, 98; Johnson, 99; Brammar, 100. Substitutes not used: Harrison, 101; Egan, 102; Johnson, 103; Brammar, 104; Williams, 105; Vaughan, 106; Horlock, 107; Bishop, 108; Pollock, 109; Whitley, 110; Goater, 111; Bradbury, 112; Horlock, 113; Goater, 114; Bradbury, 115; Bishop, 116; Brown, 117; Williams, 118; Vaughan, 119; Harrison, 120; Egan, 121; Johnson, 122; Brammar, 123; Williams, 124; Vaughan, 125; Horlock, 126; Bishop, 127; Pollock, 128; Whitley, 129; Goater, 130; Bradbury, 131; Horlock, 132; Goater, 133; Bradbury, 134; Bishop, 135; Brown, 136; Williams, 137; Vaughan, 138; Harrison, 139; Egan, 140; Johnson, 141; Brammar, 142; Williams, 143; Vaughan, 144; Horlock, 145; Bishop, 146; Pollock, 147; Whitley, 148; Goater, 149; Bradbury, 150; Horlock, 151; Goater, 152; Bradbury, 153; Bishop, 154; Brown, 155; Williams, 156; Vaughan, 157; Harrison, 158; Egan, 159; Johnson, 160; Brammar, 161; Williams, 162; Vaughan, 163; Horlock, 164; Bishop, 165; Pollock, 166; Whitley, 167; Goater, 168; Bradbury, 169; Horlock, 170; Goater, 171; 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**FA Carling Premiership:** Polished Gunners move to within a point of Manchester United at the top with two games still in hand

# Arsenal lit up by Bergkamp's return

By Guy Hodgson

Blackburn Rovers  
Arsenal

ALEX FERGUSON'S hope that the proximity of the glittering prize might expose the raw nerve in Manchester United's closest rivals came to nothing last night. Instead of being edgy Arsenal were glorious and they appeared to have built an unstoppable momentum towards the Premiership title.

Nerves? If this is how Arsenal play when they are under pressure, then the remains of the season should be explosive.

They devastated Blackburn last night scoring through Dennis Bergkamp. Ray Parlour (twice) and Nicolas Anelka to move a point behind the leaders United with two games in hand.

Blackburn's reply, through Kevin Gallacher, was such a consolation it also had "booby prize" attached to it. They were completely overwhelmed.

Blackburn beat Arsenal at Highbury in December, the low tide mark for the Gunners according to their manager, Arsene Wenger, but a cathartic moment. "It was our fourth defeat in six games," he said. "And mentally we were very low. But we all got together and resolved to fight and not allow the absence of individual players to affect us, even subconsciously."

The fact it was the last match they lost in the Premiership underlines their sense of purpose since.

Last night it was the presence of a player rather than his absence that was pertinent, Bergkamp returning after a suspension and lining up alongside Anelka in what was the visitors' only change from Saturday.

And what a change. Within 13 minutes the Dutchman had scored a goal and made two others putting the match beyond the reach of hapless Blackburn.



Ray Parlour fires in his second goal and Arsenal's third against Blackburn as the Londoners take an early stranglehold at Ewood Park last night

Photograph: Allsport

whose Uefa Cup aspirations are crumbling by the day. Seven points out of a last potential 30 is making it a sorry spring at Ewood Park.

Crumbling was an apposite word because Blackburn disintegrated in front of the

enterprise, running and sheer verve of Arsenal who scarcely put a foot wrong.

The Gunners were exhilarating. Rovers pathetic.

At the centre of everything was Bergkamp who was incandescent last night. There is a

simplicity about him in that he rarely uses his extravagant skills in a self-indulgent way. If he has to be fêted he will be as he illustrated when opening the scoring in the second minute.

Colin Hendry and Stéphane Henchoz rose with Anelka to

meet a throw-in on the right and if anyone got a touch it was probably a Blackburn defender.

No matter, two players going for the same ball gave Bergkamp space on the right and he exploited it beautifully, racing into the area and beating

Alan Fittis with a low shot to the far post.

After six minutes it was 2-0, Bergkamp becoming the provider. Blackburn's rearguard, understandably, were preoccupied with the Dutchman and they completely neglected

Parlour's run into their area and a delicious pass put him clear.

Fittis got his hands to another shot across him, but his work merely diverted the ball down into the ground and into the net. Anelka went close with a chip two minutes later and Marc

## Race for the title

P W D L F A Pts  
Main (34-20) 7 7 64 25 67  
Arsenal 32 19 4 58 28 66

## Remaining fixtures

Manchester United  
18 Apr Newcastle (H), 27 Apr  
C Palace (A), 1 May Leeds (H),  
2 May Everton (H), 6 May Liver-  
pool (A), 10 May Aston Villa (H)

Overmars caused mayhem with a low, driven cross from the left. If this had been a boxing bout, the referee would have stepped in. Instead, Bergkamp landed another blow.

Emmanuel Petit played a corner to him and his thumping half-volley crashed into Fittis's chest and bounced straight to Parlour. Yet again, there was no Blackburn defender near him and he could take his time before shooting into the roof of the net.

It seemed things could not get worse for Blackburn but they did four minutes before half-time. Nigel Winterburn played a 40-yard pass straight through the middle of the home defence and Anelka charged through it, went round Fittis and passed the ball into the net.

The second half, played in a blizzard, took on the atmosphere of a practice match which showed Blackburn in a better light; it had to. Arsenal's concentration faltered momentarily to allow Gallacher to steal a goal after 50 minutes.

By then the match had long since been Arsenal's and the championship will surely follow. Blackburn Rovers (4-4-2) Fittis; Kerr, Henchoz, Hendry, Davidson (Valery 57); Far-  
rall, Sheenwood, Mackley (Riley 73), Wilson  
Collector, Dahlen (Bradley 70). Substitutes  
not used: Broome, Flann (60)  
Arsenal (4-4-2) Bergkamp; Cantello, Boud-  
Adams, Venetianou, Parlour, Viana, Platt, Over-  
mars (Hughes 67); Anelka (Platt 69),  
Bergkamp, Substitutes not used: West,  
Cox, Marmoligo (68).  
Referee: M. Bodenham (Farnley).

# Priceless Shearer comes to Newcastle's rescue again

By Ian Potts

Newcastle United  
Barnsley

ALAN SHEARER has proved his worth many times since his £15m homecoming to Tyneside, but this latest contribution to the Newcastle cause yesterday might just be his most priceless yet.

The England captain's first Premiership goal in open play this season came five minutes from the end of a joyless, angst-ridden affair between the team everyone tipped for the drop and the one many had marked down the title.

With five games left - albeit four of them away - this victory should safeguard United's position among the elite. For Barnsley, however, the Nationwide League beckons once again.

Not since the post-Ardiles days, when Kevin Keegan was lured away from his beach hut on Marbella to rescue Newcastle from the old Third Division, had St James' Park been the setting for a relegation encounter.

All of 39 minutes had elapsed before either side found the target. Dave Watson beating aside a low drive from the Newcastle captain, Robert Lee. Having got a taste for it the

home team went in front 60 seconds later with Shearer inadvertently the provider.

Stuart Pearce's cross from the left for once found Newcastle's No 9 with yards to spare, but as the crowd rose in anticipation Shearer's shot bounced down off the underside of the bar. Barnsley's respite was brief - Swedish striker Andreas Andersson - was on hand to head into the gaping net, finally breaking his duck in England after 10 goalless outings.

Having shown such little attacking initiative in the opening period, Danny Wilson demanded a change of approach

from his side, and was rewarded almost immediately after the restart. Ashley Ward spun through 180 degrees to create space in a congested Newcastle penalty area, but his weak shot on the turn should not unduly have troubled Shay Given. Yet, somehow it bobbed beneath the Irishman's dive, and Jan-Aage Fjortoft slid in at the far post to finish the job.

It also finished off the Norwegian for the afternoon, his ribcage having rattled the woodwork in the act of scoring.

Suddenly, Barnsley sensed the game was there to be won. More than 36,000 others felt the

same, as every wayward Newcastle pass drew a chorus of groans from the increasingly frustrated home fans.

Shearer remained as eager as ever, but needed an Alan Shearer alongside him. Too often his best work was done outside the box, the clever flicks and intelligent touches falling in no man's land.

With 13 minutes left, the supporters were once again questioning the tactical nous of the manager, Kenny Dalglish, as he withdrew goal scorer Andersson and sent on defender Steve Watson. Gary Speed moving up front in the reshuffle.

But with time running short, the decisive strike came from a familiar source. The referee, Steve Dunn, played his part, having the foresight to allow advantage after a surging run by the Greek, Nikos Dabizas, had been abruptly halted by a lunging tackle from Barnsley's Scott Jones.

The hall broke loose to Lee, whose deep cross from the right was deftly looped back over Watson by Shearer, peeling away towards the back post. It was a rare moment of quality in an afternoon of unremitting anxiety.

There still remains the fear on

Tyneside that Newcastle could become only the fifth team to achieve the dubious double of an FA Cup final appearance and relegation in the same season, following Middlesbrough's lead last year. Worse still, that both Boro and Sunderland may yet pass them on their way up.

"The luck stops with me," Dalglish admitted. "It's my job

to help the players win matches, and the simple truth is that - so far at least - we haven't won enough of them in the Premiership this season."

Newcastle United (4-4-2) Given; Barton, Collier, Abbott, Pearce, Gilchrist, Rafter, Lee, Barry, Speed, Anderson (Watson 78), Shearer. Substitutes not used: Hopton (68), Barnes, Tomlinson.  
Barnsley (4-4-2) Watson; Eaden, De Zoort, Moses, Jones, Dabizas (Rafter 67), Paulson, Roanicka, Wilson (Fjortoft 45), Ward, Fjortoft. Substitutes not used: Hendrie, Lassa, Ikin, Harte.  
Referee: Steve Dunn (Bristol).

**THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD**  
No. 3584, Tuesday 14 April By Aled

**Monday's Solution**

**ACROSS**

- With ceremony get rid out of dry preservative (12)
- Hard to get back support for us to shelter (7)
- To spoil shape of fancy hat is what leads to hostility (7)
- Intent on using this fur sleeping (4,3)
- One in duty list is to celebrate wildly (7)
- Natural light is filtering back into cavity (5)
- Circle's grim to a smaller extent and without sense of smell (9)
- Job description by fashionable person attending hospital (2-7)
- A blow to circle's enthusiasm (5)
- Certainly not a talking bird's line, not really (7)
- Note a learner as little as possible (7)
- Study gallery, able to get your teeth into things (7)
- Duo sounds excessive to a number (7)
- Academic solution to editing Savers takes ages (7,5)
- Sack person who's in brigade (7)
- Figure constructed by doctor in impossible hours (7)
- Possibly adore capital city which one can fly in (9)
- Old wife in the German marriage payment (5)
- Girl doesn't have time to run for athletic (7)
- US conscript in crude boat in UK river (7)
- He might suggest one's insensitive (5-7)
- Nut suitable for the broken-down motorist to cry on (4,8)
- It's said I study (9)
- Horse running round me is hot stuff (7)
- It could fix faint colour taken on a by a headless cook (2-4)
- Could be gold on a Venetian boat (7)
- Call for amount spent on FWW battle (7)
- Sly slippery customer rejected by railway (5)

**DOWN**

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## Dublin pounces as Spurs fail to capitalise on superiority

By Clive White

Tottenham Hotspur  
Coventry City

FOUR minutes from time, the White Hart Lane crowd were preparing to rise to Nicola Bert's as their match winner and possibly Premiership saviour when all too characteristically they dropped their guard and were punished by a team who should have been flat on their back at the time.

That was not just Spurs' manager Christian Gross's biased view but quite clearly also that of his opposite number, although Gordon Strachan stopped just short of saying as much. "Anyone aware of our recent record must have been wondering whether we've been playing in the Highland League these last four months but I can assure them that we haven't and we haven't been as bad as that."

Tottenham could have been going to Barnsley next Saturday with a comfortable four-point lead over their Yorkshire rivals. Instead it is only two and that match now takes on a frightening importance for all concerned.

After an indifferent first half yesterday, when only David Ginola's mazy runs offered any

hope of an early breakthrough, Spurs finally found a rhythm and purpose which might have produced three headed goals for the previously ineffectual Jürgen Klinsmann before they eventually struck.

David Ginola's corner in the 65th minute was perfectly delivered but the ease with which Bert scored with his header suggested there must have been one or two culprits in sky blue and navy shirts. But Strachan conceded: "Sometimes when the balls is delivered as beautifully as that and someone can leap as good as that, well..."

Almost immediately Klinsmann went desperately close from a free kick and then Les Ferdinand, introduced as a second-half substitute, skinned the bar with a backward arching header. When the match-winner-in-waiting made a match-saving tackle on Noel Whelan with six minutes remaining, the Tottenham crowd were ready to hail him as truly one of their own.

Two minutes later it must have seemed that their world had collapsed. A Roland Nilsson throw-in was flicked on by Dublin to Darren Huckerby, a second-half substitute. And when he controlled the ball neatly on his chest to release it

to his captain there was not a Spurs defender in sight to prevent him slotting home the equaliser. "It was the only thing he did all day," said Strachan.

Indeed Tottenham might have gone ahead as early as the seventh minute when Ginola cleverly worked round for a cross which Ramon Vega headed against the bar and Ruel Fox, following up, just failed to connect from the rebound. Otherwise, the Swiss defender spent much of the time conceding possession in a nervous first half. Tottenham's defensive vulnerability remains a real worry in these closing weeks.

Strachan's association with Coventry may go back just a fraction of their 31 years of tightrope walking but he recognised survival qualities in the opposition. "You've got to commend them for their spirit," he said. "They're working hard and at times, believe it or not, they're a good, ordinary hard-working team - and that's not being derogatory. We've been there and understand what they're going through."

Tottenham Hotspur (4-4-2) Heister; Carr, Vega, Campbell, Nelson; Fox, Sab (Gallowood 58), Bert, Ginola, Ferdinand, Armstrong (Ferdinand 68). Substitutes not used: Anderson, Soares, Grodzka (64).  
Coventry City (4-4-2) Coyte; Nelson, Shaw, Brown, Burrows, Heister, Strachan (Belen 73), Whelan, Hall (Rafter 68), Moulden (Huckerby 61), Dublin. Substitutes not used: Williams, Hedman (64).  
Referee: M. Riley (West Yorkshire).

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